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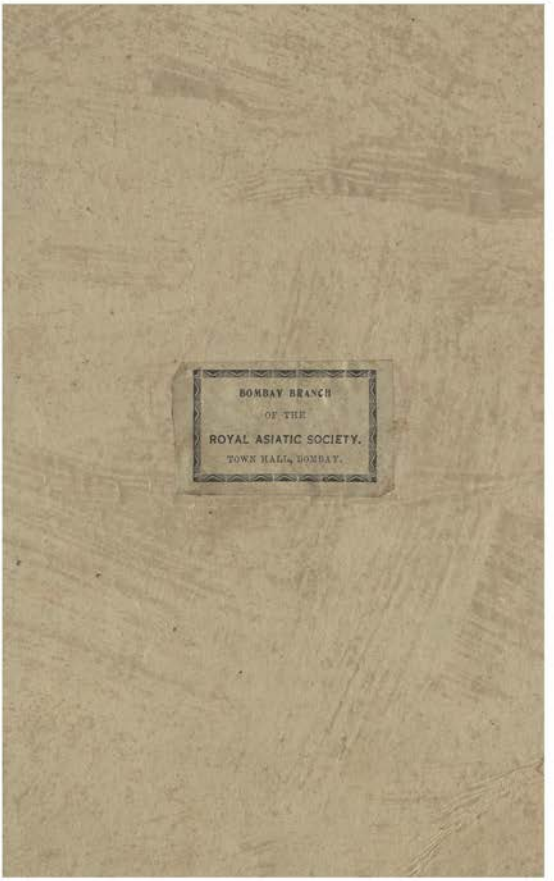

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A PICTORIAL TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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A PICTORIAL TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY J. H. ALLAN.

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A

PICTORIAL TOUR

IN

THE MEDITERRANEAN:

INCLUDING

MALTA—DALMATIA—TURKEY—ASIA MINOR—GRECIAN ARCHIPELAGO—EGYPT—NUBIA—GREECE—IONIAN ISLANDS—SICILY—ITALY—AND SPAIN.

BY

JOHN H. ALLAN,

MEMBER OF THE ATHENIAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY, AND OF THE EGYPTIAN SOCIETY OF CAIRO.

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA,

This Work

IS INSCRIBED,

IN GRATEFUL AND RESPECTFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF

HIS AFFABILITY AND KINDNESS

TO

THE AUTHOR.

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THE ORIENTAL.

CHAPTER I.

LIVERPOOL—BAY OF BISCAY—GIBRALTAR—MALTA—GOZO—ADRIATIC SEA—POLA—TRIESTE—GROTTO OF ADELSBURG—QUICKSILVER MINES OF IDRIA.

EMBARKING on the 29th of April, 1841, in the *Oriental*, at Liverpool, we steamed briskly down the Mersey, and rapidly losing sight of the port with its thickly clustered shipping, were in two hours tossing about on the open sea of St. George's Channel. Early on the morning of the 1st of May, we anchored in Falmouth roads, where the Indian mails were embarked; and where the greater part of the passengers joined us. The ship had scarcely got out to sea, when she was assailed with a violent adverse wind,—in nautical parlance "dead on end;" we were therefore not able to show a stitch of canvas, and as the gale was accompanied by a succession of heavy squalls, she made but poor head-way,—barely four knots. The 4th of the month found us in the Bay of Biscay, so terrible to the imagination of amateur singers and readers of Dibdin, for its long Atlantic swell, and the heavy weather generally experienced in crossing it. Nor were we destined to form an exception, as the gale redoubled in fury, obliging us to have every thing made snug, topmasts struck, yards upon deck, and the least possible resistance presented to the wind. Notwithstanding the size of our vessel she often shipped seas; and so heavy was the pitching, that the machinery frequently appeared quite deadened. The next day we were reckoned to be off Cape Finisterre, but at too great a distance to discover any sign of land. On the 7th, the weather moderating and the wind coming from the westward, we proceeded more rapidly, and at noon passed close to the Rock of Lisbon, at the entrance of the Tagus.

We now felt we had entered a warmer clime, and the passengers, many of whose faces we had not till now seen, quitted their berths with one accord, to enjoy the delicious change of temperature. As the sun's heat is here moderated by the pure Atlantic breeze, it was found quite a luxury to keep the deck. We had all sail set, and the porpoises were seen gambolling round the paddles, trying their speed with ours. In the evening we rounded Cape St. Vincent.

May 8th.—This was a most splendid day; one in which I felt as if entering a new existence,—the whole body flexible, with the spirits thoroughly elastic, and fresh to enjoy the now changing scene. Entering the Straits of Gibraltar we rapidly rounded Tariffa, and approaching nearer to the African continent, obtained a complete view of the entrance to the Mediterranean, flanked by the promontories called by the ancients Calpe and Abyla,—being the modern Gibraltar, and the Spanish fortress of Ceuta on the African side.

"Hercules, thy pillars stand
Sentinels of sea and land."

We anchored under the English batteries, but as the gates were closed, were unable to land. We had, however, plenty of amusement in observing the noisy Spanish boatmen who came off with fresh provisions; they were the most vociferous set I had ever seen, and continued to swarm the gangway till literally knocked down by some of our sailors. Having landed the mails, before midnight we were again under weigh, ploughing the surface of that deep blue sea, on whose shores I expected to derive so many advantages.

The 9th being Sunday, service was performed by a fellow-passenger, a clergyman of the church of England, who read to us in full canonicals, which had an effect more singular than picturesque, for close behind the clergyman sat some Parsee gentlemen, whose lofty turbans and flowing robes, added to their stolid indifference to the recitation of our prayers, exhibited a strange contrast. The wind appeared determined not to favour us, it again turning quite contrary; but as the weather was particularly fine, and we had all found our sea legs, there was no difficulty in passing the time agreeably. In the course of the morning we passed Cape de Gatt, having been since day-light in sight of the Spanish coast, backed by the beautiful snow-capped mountains in the neighbourhood of Grenada. The following day we again had all our top-hamper down on deck, the breeze freshening to a gale; and with Afric's shores now in view, we had altogether lost sight of Spain. The African coast here appeared exceedingly mountainous, and in some places we could plainly perceive its summits were covered with snow.

On the 11th we passed Algiers, but at so great a distance, that it was as much as we could do to make it out. The sun shining with increased strength, and not a cloud to be seen, most of us found it advisable to put on lighter clothing. The mere idea of being so close to burning Africa was enough to make us cast our northern epidermis. Noon of the 12th found us off the island of Zembra, which we passed exceedingly close. It is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Tunis, and is said to be uninhabited. As the sun declined towards the horizon we passed the island of Pantelaria, which is evidently of volcanic origin. The town on the north-west side boasts a castle, and its harbour contained several small craft. The steep cliffs that encompass the island are the resort of innumerable quantities of wild pigeons.

Owing to the contrary winds we had experienced, it was the morning of this our thirteenth day from leaving our native shore, before we came in sight of the Maltese islands. The first impression they produced was any thing but pleasing, the prevailing hue being a sandy brown, and of a rugged, broken, and monotonous form, resembling a cracked and sun-dried mud-bank; and it was not till we approached the entrance of the Grand harbour, and had the whole of the city of Valetta presented to our view, with the substantial wooden walls of old England floating as it were in the very centre, that we discovered the interest which is attached to them. Having gained our moorings, we first had the impatience of the man-of-war's men to satisfy, by giving them their letters directly; their boats clearing aside with wonderful dispatch the curious Maltese craft, with their long upright stems, who immediately swarmed round the steamer in hopes of bullying a few passengers out of three or four times the usual fare. There was also a goodly number of boys ready to dive for halfpence, and pass under the ship's bottom for sixpence. Some of their feats in swimming

GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA.

were really surprising. Among other performances, two of them would sometimes dive, as school-boys term it, pick-a-back, and to a prodigious depth, returning to the surface in the same fashion.

In the course of the first day, most of the newly arrived passengers visited the line-of-battle ships. I, with the Parsee gentlemen, went over the admiral's ship *Princess Charlotte*, 104 guns, and to *Le Météore*, French steamer. In the evening we "Orientals" had a farewell dinner, whereat many quenched their thirst in such copious draughts of champagne, that they lost their way, and did not get back to the vessel till the next morning: some went to the theatre, one of whom, a Persian, so far forgot himself, that hurrahing with his red cap, he showed his bare cranium to the audience, and before midnight was found ensconced in a dirty corner of one of the streets, with his head still bare, having now lost its covering altogether. A friend, soon after my arrival, kindly procured me a small cutter-yacht, in which, accompanied by a third gentleman, we went on a cruise to the neighbouring island of Gozo. Having provided ourselves with the necessaries for such an expedition, we passed under the frowning guns of the quadruple battery of St. Angelo, and then under those of St. Elmo, surmounted by the light-house, forming the termination of the tongue of land on which Valetta is built; it separates the Grand harbour from that where vessels performing quarantine are obliged to lie, and is known by the name of Marchamachette. An exception is made to vessels of war, that perform quarantine, in the Grand harbour. We steered to the westward, and after opening the channel between Gozo and the little island of Comino, we stood in; but the wind heading us, we were obliged to make for the passage between the latter island and Malta. After we got through it was nearly dark, and by the time we made the coast of Gozo, we could not distinguish the little port called Migiarro, at which we intended landing. It is a very shallow one, chiefly used by fishermen and boatmen, and is also the usual disembarking place for those passing from Malta to Rabbato, the chief town of Gozo. None of our sailors having been here for several years, they had entirely forgotten the few still discernible landmarks; we were therefore compelled to beat up

and down the coast, quite perplexed, and both my friends being English nauticals, took this opportunity of giving the Maltese crew a considerable broadside of technical reproaches. Sometimes our luckless men discovered a light, which on approaching was suddenly lost, as they exclaimed; and then we were continually harassed with rocks and ledges, that seemed to surround us in all directions: many, I have no doubt, were imaginary, and merely the shades which the darkness threw over the water, while the cliffs often appeared within a boat's-length of us. Finally, however, we managed to discover the harbour, and at once stowing our sails swept gently in; and after grazing a rock or two we found ourselves suddenly aground at the entrance, not far from a little mole, from which a fishing-boat put off to convey us ashore. The sailors soon got the cutter afloat, and anchored her a short distance outside. Making inquiry about quarters on shore for the night, and finding the place afforded none but of the very filthiest description, the most attractive being one which appeared from its abominable odour to be appropriated generally to the use of a fish-store, we obtained after some further difficulty a calise, the most wretched of this sufficiently miserable class of carriage, and drove to Rabbato, the chief town of the island, distant upwards of three miles from the landing-place. With our bones almost dislocated by the horrible jolting, we now found, to our great annoyance, that the only hotel the place afforded was already fully occupied by a party of our own countrymen; and it was only by dint of great persuasion that we at last got the landlord to allow us to have his kitchen, where he littered us down on three 'beds,' which for toughness of structure were only equalled by the old sinewy *gallina* he had produced for our supper. With aching jaws, however, we devoured his fowl; and with aching bones we slept soundly upon his 'litter.'

On the following morning, the 19th, we were awoke as soon as day dawned by the torments we suffered from the attacks of insects. None but those newly arrived from a more frigid climate, can form any idea of the miseries experienced from their ceaseless onsets. We breakfasted soon after daybreak in the fresh open air on some most wretched viands, and then ascended to the castle through plantations of Indian fig (*cactus Indicus*), which grows here to a gigantic size, though neither in shape nor colour presenting any thing at all pleasing to the eye. The fruit is deemed most refreshing in all warm climates, but is rather difficult to eat with comfort, as the exterior is covered with sharp hairy thorns, which enter the skin readily enough, but are not easily extracted, nor without pain. On climbing to the tower of the chapel belonging to the castle, situated itself on a considerable eminence, we obtained a most extensive panorama of nearly the whole island, as well as that of Comino and part of Malta. After a ramble through the town, which has nothing but its picturesque situation to recommend it to notice, we returned about seven o'clock A.M. by the same sort of carriage over the same jolting road to Migiarro. As it was now day we had an opportunity of seeing the country: it presented a most barren appearance, having only here and there a little soil, which was surrounded by walls to keep it from being washed away by the rains; while the remainder seemed one mass of white rock, from which the sun's reflected heat was so great as to be quite painful to the eye-sight. It is said, notwithstanding, that Gozo is more fertile than Malta, from which place the latter is to a great extent supplied. I was told that Gozo in one year could produce sufficient for an eight-years' consumption for its inhabitants. At nine o'clock we embarked and stood over to Comino, where we ran the vessel ashore in a small sandy bay, and landed on the men's shoulders. It was a beautiful little place, entirely surrounded by immense rocks, which assumed all kinds of shapes, some being a series of grottoes, others forming natural bridges, and others again containing large basins, the sea water in which rapidly evaporating was soon converted into salt by the heat of the sun. Having our guns, we wandered about for

some time in quest of game, for which the island is celebrated, the late governor coming here continually for a day's sport. We crossed to the other side of the island, sending the cutter round to meet us: the day, however, was already so far advanced, we were unable to get a single shot. At certain seasons the Maltese islands are visited by numerous flights of quails. Comino is evidently little more than a bare rock, and it is a matter of astonishment how any game could exist on so sterile a spot; but what is still more surprising, an English gentleman, Mr. W——, and family lived here for some time, "sole monarchs of all they surveyed," and not only managed to make the island produce sufficient for themselves, but also supplied the market of Valetta with such excellent butter, that it was often sold for 5s. per lb. Two pigeons, brought to us by a soldier belonging to the Maltese Fencibles, seemed to be in excellent condition, which the man assured us was the case with all the birds found on the island, particularly the quails. This man and a corporal are the only persons now on the island, and compose its entire garrison. There are several forts, which were formerly erected for its defence, but they are now dilapidated from long disuse. We again got under weigh, passed through the channel between Malta and Comino, and after an hour's sailing entered St. Paul's Bay, so called from its being the supposed scene of the apostle's shipwreck. We had nearly shared the same fate in beating through the narrow passage round Rat Island. We then stood for Valetta, and entered the Grand harbour late in the afternoon.

On the 22nd Mr. C—— kindly accompanied me in a calise to the palace and gardens of St. Antonio, the road for some distance running in the same direction with the aqueduct, built by the Grand-Master Wignacourt. The palace and gardens, belonging at present to the governor, and now inhabited by the Emir Beschir, were formerly the country retreat of the Grand-Masters. After enjóying ourselves for some time at this interesting spot, we drove on to Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of the island. We there visited the cathedral, which is supposed to be built upon the site of the house of Publius, the Roman governor, at the time of St. Paul's shipwreck. Not far from thence is the Grotto of St. Paul, over which a church is built, containing a beautiful marble statue of the apostle by Gaffà; also, another in wood, supposed to be four hundred years old, and originally brought from Rhodes. The catacombs which are to be seen here are very extensive, and it is said reach as far as the quarantine-ground at Valetta; but most of the passages have been built up, on account of the danger persons ran in losing themselves. Leaving these now tenantless receptacles of the dead, we drove to a spring which had recently been discovered, and which at first was erroneously expected would insure the inhabitants a constant supply of water. Seating ourselves in one of the few naturally shady parts of the island, under the foliage of pomegranates and luxuriant fig-trees, with the prickly-pear flourishing in full vigour around, which was no doubt owing to the vicinity of the spring, we enjoyed a pleasant and refreshing repast, the requisites for which we had brought with us from Valetta. On Tuesday the 25th I made arrangements to go to Trieste with Mr. G——, and we engaged a passage in a little Maltese schooner named the *Iris*.

In the evening of the 2nd of June we embarked on board this craft. We made the Sicilian coast the next morning near Alicata, and towards evening we were within sight of Cape Passaro. Friday was ushered in with a complete gale of wind, and we just managed to weather the south-eastern point of Sicily under close-reefed topsail and reefed mainsail; but as the weather rather increased in violence the following day, we pitched about without making the least head-way until Sunday morning, when the wind suddenly shifted to the southward, and carried us along, with studding-sails alow and aloft. In the forenoon we passed the entrance to the harbour of Syracuse, in which we saw H. M. S. *Howe*, 120, laying snugly moored; and at

noon we were cracking on at the foot of Mount Etna, where our skipper very naturally "looked out for squalls," having recently lost his topmasts there in one of the gusts that often burst from its lofty sides. On the 7th of June we passed Cape Spartevento in the morning, and ran along the Italian coast. In crossing the Gulf of Squillace, the wind freshened so rapidly, that we were obliged to hand the sails as quickly as possible, and all the alacrity of our Maltese crew was required to save the studding-sail booms from being snapped off.

THE IRIS.

Tuesday found us crossing the Gulf of Tarento, close to the lofty cape St. Maria di Leuca, with its summit topped with convent, church, and telegraph, and entering the Gulf of Venice. The following evening we were rolling about in a most sickening calm, within a few miles of the shores of Dalmatia, the appearance of which was truly beautiful, reminding me strongly of the mountains on the lake of Geneva. We had not a breath of wind till early the next morning, the vessel all the time lurching heavily, so much so that it made her masts and rigging groan, whilst the sails flapped against the masts with such violence, as to shake the ship to her very centre; her head, in the mean while, veering to every point of the compass. June 10th.—Breakfasted on a tunny, which one of the seamen captured by harpooning from the bowsprit; but either from its own flavour, or the primitive manner in which it was cooked, we did not much relish the creature. At noon we passed the island of Agosta, the first of that numerous group which stud the north-eastern shores of the Adriatic; and evening brought us past Lissa, Cazza, and Caziol. On the former of these islands the English had fortifications during the last war, which now belong to the Austrians.

On passing the Isola Grossa on the following day, we encountered a heavy squall, which however was but of short duration; and an hour afterwards we were again quite becalmed, and remained so for the next twenty-four hours. Indeed the sea at mid-day was a perfect mirror, without a ripple, and the shadow of the rigging on deck being perfectly stationary, showed there was not the slightest undulation. The only noise that broke the intense stillness was the occasional splash of a gambolling dolphin. On the evening of that day, when off the end of the Isola Grossa, the islands assumed the appearance of being suspended in the air; some, indeed, seemed even at a considerable height above the water. This, I presume, was caused by refraction. Amongst them were those called Lussin Piccolo, St. Pietro di Nembro, and Monta d'Ossola. Shortly

after seeing this phenomenon we were visited with such a sudden squall of wind, that from our first discerning a black cloud arising above the horizon, we had scarcely time to take in our sails before we found ourselves thrown almost on our beam-ends in a drenching shower of rain. On Sunday forenoon we passed Promontore, and came within view of Pola, with its beautiful elliptical amphitheatre, the exterior of which was appa-

POLA.

rently in a perfect state of preservation; but I understood that the seats had entirely disppeared from the interior. It consisted of two stories of circular arches, which seemed every where complete, including the balustrade above. Monday, June 14th.—Sailed past the city of Rovigno, whose high church tower serves as a very conspicuous landmark; and in the evening rounded the light-house of Salvore, and entered the Gulf of Trieste. About 10 at night we were close to the mouth of the harbour, but there came on such a hurricane from the mountains, termed by the seamen of this part *borea*, that when we were just on the point of going about, our main-sheet gave way with a loud crack, and being in dangerous proximity to the shore, we were obliged to wear the ship, in doing which, the fore-topsail and fore-trysail sheets parted also. Every thing was now in confusion, the Maltese sailors running in all directions, shouting, swearing, and doing

THE BOREA.

nothing useful; all giving orders, and no one obeying. The ship, not being under any command whatever,

rushed with fearful velocity before the wind,—every sail loose, and all the ropes adrift, which thrashed about with the noise of a musket's report. To make matters worse, the main-gaff came down with violence upon deck, and in the confusion which ensued I was thrown flat upon the slippery deck, and rolled into the lee scuppers. After all manner of lubberly tricks, which would have driven an English seaman half mad to witness, they managed to get the topsail-sheet repaired, and the sail close reefed, and we then ran before the wind under that one sail to a small bay at the entrance of the gulf, called Pirano, where we came to anchor at half-past four in the morning. We were luckily only wind-bound till the afternoon, when the gale subsiding, we once more stretched across the gulf, sailing through myriads of a white description of jelly-fish with a red fringe, which the sailors called *medusa*. They are a great pest to swimmers, as they attach themselves firmly to the body, and sting unmercifully. In the evening we were safely moored in the port of Trieste.

On the 16th of June, having at once received *pratique*, we had our luggage examined by the Austrian custom-house officers, and then took up our quarters at the *Aquila Nera*. From the top of the belfry of the cathedral, to which we mounted in the course of the day, we obtained an excellent view of the whole town, with its harbour and shipping. In a garden near to the cathedral, ornamented with architectural remains, is situated a monument erected to Winkleman, who was murdered in the Locanda Grande by a fellow-traveller, as he was journeying in quest of antiquities for the Emperor of Austria. The monument was erected by his patrons and friends, amongst whom were several crowned heads. In Trieste we remained a week, visiting its churches and places of amusement. Amongst the latter is one called *Boschetto*, a sylvan retreat on a steep hill's side; the woods being intersected with winding terraced walks, in which refreshments are to be obtained, whilst enjoying the shade afforded by the foliage above. It is a favourite resort of the Triestians during the summer heats. There are likewise many very interesting walks in the neighbouring high lands, commanding most magnificent views of the gulf.

June 22nd.—Started at day-dawn on a trip to Adelsburg, having hired a carriage the previous evening. We ascended to the top of the mountain-range on the north side of the city, by the new road constructed within the last sixteen years *à la Simplon*. On arriving at Prewald, we found ourselves amongst our old friends the Germans, alighting at the *Gasthaus zum schwarzen Adler* to dine. The scenery from this place becomes more and more interesting, the mountains assuming a bolder form, and covered with trees of large growth. On reaching Adelsburg, we went immediately with a guide to the celebrated grotto, distant about two miles from the village. The transition on entering was very sudden, the temperature in the sun outside being so many degrees above the cold damp atmosphere within, chilled as it constantly is by the rushing waters of the river which pours its stream into the grotto a few yards from the forced entrance through which visitors are conducted. It caused us at once to put on the great-coats with which we had luckily provided ourselves. After traversing this entrance corridor, we were ushered into the largest compartment, a hall of immense size, where,—standing as we did in mid air, half way between top and bottom, on a ledge of rock forming a natural bridge, through which the rushing waters forced their way furiously to the bottom, and collecting into a lake, were crossed by a rustic wooden bridge, now illuminated with a row of lights, whose feeble flame was scarcely able to pierce through the obscurity,—the scene was fearfully wild and overawing. The cold air, the impenetrable darkness, the booming of the descending river, the undefined height above, with the abyss below, render it sublime in the extreme, and both my companion and myself were impressed with a feeling of our own insignificance, whilst standing under the vaulted dome of this wonderful cavern. Well might this be called the "Palace of the king of the Gnomes." Descending the moist slippery steps to the bottom, we crossed the lake, whose waters again rush forward with

considerable violence for a short distance, when they are lost to human sight, until the stream once more makes its exit on the other side of the mountain. We then wandered through cavern after cavern: they were of all heights, sizes, and shapes, thickly encrusted with beautiful alabaster-looking stalactites of enormous growth, assuming every variety of form, and to the most extraordinary of which the guides have given names, such as 'the pulpit,' 'the fountain,' 'the organ pipes,' &c. By far the most striking, however, is a huge mass resembling a curtain with a handsome deep fringe; its transparency, considering the thickness, is most wonderful. The whole extent of the known parts of this singular production of nature is about 3800 fathoms, and is throughout as perfect at the present day as when first discovered, owing to its being under the surveillance of the Emperor of Austria, (who strictly prohibits any one from breaking the stalactites,) and to the guides being in his pay. On coming back to the hotel, we were shown a specimen of the Proteus Anguinus; and as we had not been able to see one in the grotto itself, we esteemed ourselves fortunate in thus obtaining a sight of this curious little animal, indigenous to Adelsburg, and another grotto not far distant. I proceeded to Idria to visit the quicksilver mines, starting at six in the evening, and passing through wild and interesting scenery, the mountains on either side of the road being thickly covered with the dark and sombre fir-tree. I rested for the night at a village called Loitsch.

Wednesday, 23rd June.—Arose at four o'clock, and taking fresh horses with a light four-wheeled carriage, I continued my route to the mines, driving through one of the most beautiful and picturesque countries in the world, ascending and descending a series of mountains covered with pine forests, with here and there large grey rocks protruding their hoary heads in strong relief to the dark foliage of the trees. A three hours' drive in the cool delicious morning air, brought us to the summit of the amphitheatre of hills, forming the deep basin in which the village of Idria is situated, and which is reached by a serpentine road, constructed on the face of a very steep hill, that requires a whole hour to ascend with good horses. The view from the upper part was most comprehensive and panoramic, mountain after mountain towering around; whilst in the little valley far below lay Idria in miniature. At about eight o'clock I arrived in the town. A mountain torrent passes through it, and from a distance of twenty miles brings down all the fire-wood used for the smelting of the quicksilver ore, the water also serving to turn the wheels of the engines by which the mines are worked. A guide, in the service of the Emperor, was immediately at hand on payment of thirty kreutzers, and with whom I went at once to the entrance of the mine situated in the middle of the town; where putting on a regular miner's costume, and accompanied by one of the superintendents, I descended, by means of an easy flight of stone steps, to what is termed the first field. The whole is divided into stories or fields, which communicate with each other by these flights of steps; but they only serve that purpose, as the ore is drawn up a shaft 136 fathoms in depth, communicating with each field. The quicksilver is seen oozing out from the strata in pure globules. These were formerly collected in quills, but found not to be of greater value than that derived by the process of washing and smelting.*

* On an average the ore is found to yield about 30 per cent. of quicksilver, that in general is worth two florins per lb. The mine was discovered about 620 years ago, and yields to the Emperor of Austria a revenue of about 500,000 florins. I descended 75 fathoms, and as the galleries extend to an immense distance, and are all similar, I contented myself with what I had already seen, and was drawn up the shaft in a square box, the ascent occupying about eight minutes. From the mine the guide conducted me to the washing-house where it is first screened, then washed; during which operation the quicksilver separates itself from the fine dust in the last and closest screen: this first process yields about 15 per cent. The refuse is then taken to a mill, where it is stamped to powder and again washed, when it yields another 10 per cent. The fine powder that is still left is then taken to the smelting-house, baked in earthen pots, and placed in a large furnace; the quicksilver evapo-

At noon I left this interesting place, and again ascending the steep mountain side, returned to Loitsch, and thence to Adelsburg. On the following morning we started at seven o'clock on our return to Trieste. After remaining two days longer in this city, I left on the evening of the second for Venice, crossing in the small steamer *Archduchess Sophia*, belonging to the company of Lloyd's Austriarco, whose deck was crowded with passengers of all nations, particularly a numerous body of Greeks, all clad in their rich costume, which shone in brilliant contrast with the sober dress of the other Europeans.

rating is led through a series of chambers, where it is condensed by means of cold air, when it falls to the ground, and runs, by means of a channel in connexion with all the chambers, into a large reservoir. At the period of my visit it contained about ten tons, although not much larger than a tub of 2½ feet diameter, and 30 inches deep. This last process yields a further quantity equal to 5 per cent. The quicksilver intended for the neighbouring states is here packed in sheep-skins, whilst that which is destined for greater distances, or over sea, is inclosed in jars made of the best wrought-iron.

DOCK-YARD CREEK, MALTA.

CASTEL NOVO.

CHAPTER II.

"Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!"

VENICE—TRIESTE—DALMATIA—CATTARO—GRECIAN ARCHIPELAGO—DARDANELLES—SEA OF MARMORA—CONSTANTINOPLE—TURKISH REVIEW—MOUNT OLYMPUS—DANCING AND HOWLING DERVISHES.

SUNDAY morning found us steaming through the Lagunes that surround the Sea-Queen, and in half-an-hour we came to anchor off the ducal palace. A gondola conveyed me to the Albergo Grande, where I took up my quarters. It was formerly a Venetian nobleman's palace, and is situated close to the Piazzo di S. Marco, a canal passing between, over which is the famous Bridge of Sighs. The Place of St. Mark's is a most splendid square, 440 feet long, formed by the Procuratie Vecchie on the north, the Procuratie Nuove on the south, the singular cathedral of St. Mark on the east, and on the west the quadrangle is completed by a beautiful building erected by the order of Napoleon. In the south-east corner is the famous Campanile, where Galileo made his observations. It is 294 Venetian feet high, and 37 feet square. The ascent is remarkably easy, being a series of inclined planes. In the north-east corner is a tower formed of marble, built in 1496, from the design of Pietro Lombardo. It has a clock of curious workmanship, surmounted by a large bell with two figures of brass, which strike the hour with clubs. Between this tower and the Campanile, and opposite to the cathedral, are the three masts, with beautiful bronze pedestals and surmounted by the winged lion, on which the old Venetians were wont to hoist the standards of the countries which their city had conquered. It being Sunday, I went into the Basilica of St. Mark's, and heard high mass performed. The building is 220 feet long, 148 feet broad, and 73 feet high; but to the top of the large cupola it is 110 feet, and which has, moreover, a circumference of 950 feet. It is supposed to have been commenced in the year 977, and finished in 1071. The style is Arabian-Gothic, and the outline, on the whole, partakes much of the Oriental; besides which, most of the ornaments are spoils taken from Constantinople. Over the grand entrance are the four bronze horses that were brought from that city by the Doge Dandolo, in 1204. The interior is completely lined with Mosaics, the roof being one mass of gilt; whilst the pavement, although considerably out of the proper level, is still in

tolerably good order, and presents some fine specimens of design. After trying to find my way alone through the intricate narrow streets, I was obliged to return to the hotel and engage a guide at five francs a-day, who undertook to show me the principal objects in two days.

Immediately hiring a gondola, provided with two rowers and a most comfortable little cabin with soft cushions, we went across the chief canal of Guadecca to the Chiesa di S. Giorgio Maggiore, built from the design of Palladio in 1556, and completed in the year 1610, under the direction of Scamozzi. It contains, over two most beautiful tombs, the busts of the two Doges Memmo and Ziani. The church is in the shape of a cross, and divided into three aisles; the two on the sides having each four small chapels. Our gondola was now propelled to the Chiesa di Santa Maria della Salute, built by the Venetians in commemoration of the plague ceasing in the year 1630. This splendid church is from the design of Longhena, covered with marble, and adorned with one hundred and thirty statues. It contains many fine pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, &c., and also one by Treva, which although buried for eighteen years, is still in good preservation. We next proceeded to the academy of fine arts, but on account of preparations going on for an exhibition, we were not able to see the principal gallery. Our next visit was to the church of St. Sebastian, containing pictures by Tintoretto, Titian, Palma the younger, &c., and then followed the Chiesa dei Frari, containing the resting-places of Titian and Canova, the latter surmounted by a pyramidal monument. The gondola next carried us to the church and school of S. Rocco, both objects of very great attraction, particularly the school, which contains a splendid staircase, and many fine paintings by Tintoretto. In the great hall is his master-piece, "the Crucifixion." He is said to have painted here for the period of thirty years. The weather being more sultry than usual, obliged me to lay up for the remainder of the day soon after noon; in fact it was foolish to attempt acting in direct opposition to the custom of the place, the natives invariably taking a long nap at noon, and in the evening resorting to the coffee-houses in the Piazzo di S. Marco, particularly the celebrated caffé known by the name of "Florian," which is said not to have been closed for the last five years, and which is easily accounted for, as the old Venetians never come out till dusk, when they sit, talk scandal, and sip coffee till day-break. Monday, 28th June.—Rising early to avail myself of the morning coolness, I went with my guide to the arsenal, which is the only one the Austrians possess, and in which they build their ships of war. It is situated on an island, and is surrounded by strong lofty walls. The entrance is ornamented with four lions taken from Athens and Corinth. On passing through we were joined by a government guide, who conducted us to the armoury which contains rather a modern, than an ancient collection, and presents but a meagre appearance. In the same gallery is a monument erected by the Republic in 1792, to their great and renowned admiral, Angelo Emo. It was executed by Canova. There are also many standards taken by the Venetians from the Turks in the famous battle of Lepanto in 1571. In the model-room and moulding-loft, there is but one object of interest,—the model of the celebrated Bucentaure, in which the Doge, on Ascension-day, was conveyed to the Adriatic, in order to perform the annual ceremony of being wedded to the Sea. The model was made on the present Emperor's visit to Venice. The rope-walk is in a fine gallery 910 feet long, 70 broad, and 32 high, built in 1579. The state-galleys of the Emperor and Empress are good, showy boats, but really not superior to our city barges on the Thames, though the lovers of the 'romantic novel' will not be pleased at my saying so. The Venetian navy appears to consist of five frigates, five corvettes, and six brigs, besides several small craft used as *guardo porti*, &c., none of which, at most, mount more than ten guns.

From the arsenal our gondolier took us to the Chiesa di S. Giovanni e S. Paolo, containing monuments of

the Doges and noble Venetian families. It possesses objects of the greatest interest to the painter and sculptor, and one might easily spend several days in examining the beautiful works with which this sanctuary is embellished. In a chapel attached to this church are collected together master-pieces of every variety of work of art, so harmoniously arranged, that, considering its size, this little building stands unrivalled in the world for richness and beauty. The Jesuits' church is a splendid edifice, with white marble columns beautifully inlaid with verde antique, which present the appearance of damask tapestry. Two paintings, one by Titian, the other by Tintoretto, are on the walls. Leaving this elegant building, the Palazzo Manfrini was the next object to which I passed. It is still in very good preservation, and contains a splendid collection of paintings, which are hung in a very handsome suite of apartments. After bestowing but a brief examination, the gondola took me the whole length of the Grand Canal, passing under the far-famed Rialto, the only bridge that traverses this main artery of Venice. It was built in the year 1591, by the Doge Cicogna. The upper portion is divided into five parts, a flight of steps on each side, a row of shops next to them, and a road in the middle, which is 20 feet broad. Landing at the ducal palace, I entered by the Giant's Stair, where the Doges were formerly crowned, and at the top of which are the famous lions' mouths, into which anonymous epistles were dropped, but they are now completely chipped off, merely leaving the holes, like those of a common letter-box. Passing along the corridor at the top of the stairs, another staircase is ascended, which conducts to the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, a splendid apartment, 154 feet long and 74 broad. At one end is the immense painting by Tintoretto, representing the glory of paradise. It measures 30 feet in height, and 74 feet long. Round the upper part of the walls are portraits of all the Doges. In the palace are several other halls, but of smaller dimensions. The dungeons, called *Pozzi*, are below the palace, but not under the level of the water as sometimes supposed, and directly asserted by many of the romance writers. The weather during this day was intensely hot, close, sultry, with sirocco wind, and so enervating that it was as much as I could do to bear up against it. The water was quite warm, and nothing cool could be procured but Florian's ices.

The 29th June, being the fête of St. Peter, was high holiday, and Venice appeared in the afternoon as gay as in the brightest day of the Republic, when her banner floated proudly in the breeze, and commanded the respect of many a distant nation. Finding the heat to increase daily, I left Italy for the present, and determined on returning to Trieste, thence to embark for Constantinople, where the cool breezes of the Bosphorus would sufficiently temperize the summer heat. I first intended to have gone to Vienna in three days by land, and then down the Danube, but from the fatigue accompanying such a route, I adopted the sea voyage in preference. After a pleasant sail to the Lido in the evening, I mounted to the top of the Campanile, from which place alone a person can form a correct idea of the situation of this singular city.

On Wednesday evening, embarking in the Austrian steamer *Baron Eichoff* for Trieste, I bade farewell to Venice; where, but for its climate, I had willingly remained. Truly has the poet said,

> Schön iſt's, unter den Brücken hindurch in der länglichen Gondel
> Schweben, und auch ſchön iſt's, ſchweifend am Ufer umher
> Deine Geſchichte zu leſen in deinen Trophäen, o Venedig!

On the 1st of July I again arrived in Trieste, and took up my quarters at the Albergo del Buon Pastore. I arranged another sea trip with my old fellow-traveller G——, and in the course of the following day we engaged berths in an Austrian brig, proceeding to Constantinople and Odessa. We did not leave Trieste until the evening of the 7th, passing the intermediate time pleasantly enough in bathing, walking about the beautiful environs, and in visiting our friends. We got under weigh at seven o'clock, and running before a strong favourable breeze, passed Salvore light-house before ten. An Illyrian gentleman and his family were our

fellow-passengers, and very agreeable we found them. They generally conversed amongst themselves in Illyric, but also spoke Italian, in which we managed to make ourselves mutually understood. The chief part of the crew, as well as the captain, were also Illyrians, a very common circumstance with the Austrian shipping, which is principally manned from Istria and Dalmatia. The next day we saw the Mount of Ancona in Italy, the ship being about forty miles from either shore of the Adriatic. Through the lightness of the wind, we were not farther than the islands of Melada and Grossa on the morning of the 10th, when we took our usual bath in a cask of salt water, having our servant ready with buckets of water to dash over us, the comfort of doing which we found extreme, the body enjoying a degree of coolness throughout the day in consequence.

On the 12th we passed the islands of St. Andrea, Busso, and Lissa, off which latter island the gallant Captain Hoste, with three frigates and a corvette, engaged victoriously with the allied French and Italian squadrons. On the neighbouring island of Lessina the French had their fortifications. During the night we were becalmed between Agosta and Curzola, two other islands of the numerous Dalmatian group, many of which are mere uninhabited masses of rock, and sterile patches of land. Some few of these islands, which are susceptible of a little cultivation, produce wine and olives, the inhabitants subsisting upon fish.

The neighbouring island of Meleda contends for the *fame* (instead of bemoaning itself for the misfortune) of being that on which the apostle Paul was shipwrecked; and its handful of inhabitants most energetically maintain their claim to this distinction, and deny the possibility of its having been Malta. They were both anciently called Melita, so that the dispute is not easy to settle.

July 15th.—On making the land this morning we found ourselves off Ragusa, a town containing about 6600 inhabitants. It is fortified, and was a place of consideration when capital of the Republic of the same name. Its name in Illyric is Dubrovnik. In 1806 the French took possession of it, but before their arrival the Republic experienced several calamities, the plague in 1526 clearing off 20,000 of its inhabitants, and the earthquake of 1667, burying 6000 beneath the ruins, besides successive invasions from the Montenegrini. In the evening we were off the entrance to the Bocca di Cattaro. Passing Punta d'Ostro we found ourselves in the first of the series of immense basins, or lakes, of which this most splendid port is composed. Mountains rose precipitously from the water's edge to the height of 1,500 to 2,000 feet, towards the summits quite barren, but in the ravines at the base most fertile and productive. Having been compelled to lay to, about three miles up, to report ourselves to the two Austrian schooners of war stationed off a place called Portorose, and employed as *guardo porti*, it was nearly mid-day before we came to anchor a mile to the southward of Castel Novo, a favourite spot to those only coming into this first division of the gulf, and not proceeding upwards to the town of Cattaro. The heat caused by the height of the mountains admitting but little air, was almost insupportable, scarcely a breath finding its way down so low as the surface of the water. Our garments were now reduced to shirt and trowsers, and a large straw hat to protect the head; with these we even felt ourselves oppressed, and would have gladly thrown them off. After sun-set we were able to go abroad, and landing, we had a delightful stroll along the shore and into the country; the latter seemed of such extreme fertility, that where there was any quantity of soil, neither cultivation nor attention was requisite. Pomegranates, olive trees, vines, and various exotics, which I had only previously seen in hot-houses, and reared with difficulty, were here growing wild and intermingling with each other, forming a pleasant and the only shade the country affords since very few forest trees will grow, the soil not being of sufficient depth. The peasants we met wore red skull-caps, bag trowsers, and had long knives stuck in the sash round the waist. We addressed them in Italian, but they answered us in Illyric, of which neither G—— nor myself understood a word.

As morning's first smile sparkled on the gentle ripple of the water, we embarked in a hired boat and proceeded up the gulf, provided with an umbrella of ample dimensions, which before long we put into requisition to protect us from the overpowering rays. The shore on either side extends but a short distance from the water's edge, affording barely room for a house, a small garden, and occasionally a diminutive field. The mountains are generally covered with short stunted shrubs, which although producing nothing, afford great relief from the reflected heat. The first part of the cultivated ground appeared chiefly appropriated to garden produce, of which the inhabitants are occasionally able to send a cargo to the Ionian Islands, in the shape of potatoes, &c.

On leaving the second basin, it appeared to us that the attention of the inhabitants was directed more to the cultivation of the olive tree; and as oil is the only article exported to any extent, the trees appeared tolerably well taken care of. We left our kit of clothes to be washed at a little village called Petane. The aspect of this hamlet is most delightful, the situation being very prominent, as it is built on the point of land forming one side of the Straits of Catene. It was at the extremity of this pass that the Turks had a fort, and where the followers of Mehemet had so much difficulty in overcoming the brave inhabitants of Pirasto, one of the three principal villages of the Bocca, and situated a little way up on the opposite side of the third and last loch. Between this fort and Pirasto arise two islands from the water, the scene of many a bloody struggle between the two contending parties. Each island has a church built upon it, and in one of them mass is performed once a year, and the rock around is scooped into graves for the inhabitants of Pirasto. The church on the other, known by the name of La Madonna dello Scalpello, is exceedingly pretty, and has service performed in it daily: the interior is very handsomely ornamented with marbles and paintings, and is almost filled with offerings, in the shape of pieces of silver, with the subject raised upon them in relief. The cupola above the altar is covered on the outside with green glazed tiles, which from the water add much to the picturesque effect of the building. Pirasto is built upon a very small ledge of land, formed by the earth and stones washed down from the mountains. It is here that the retired masters of vessels of this maritime people live, after having made their little fortunes, soon acquired by their industry and frugal habits. As every thing is exceedingly cheap, a small sum suffices to maintain a very respectable appearance. I was told by a gentleman of the Bocca, that the building of a tolerably large-sized house costs no more than £20. A little before arriving at our destination, we passed the suburban village of Dobrota, where the most respectable inhabitants of the town reside. The houses looked larger than those we had previously seen on our row, and could boast on the whole of a more aristocratic appearance. The common people call them palaces.

After four hours' rowing we landed at Cattaro, built at the extremity of the series of basins at the foot of a chain of lofty and rocky mountains. The fortifications that surround the city rise to half the height of these mountains, and are constructed with the greatest difficulty amongst crags and precipices, which in many places almost overhang the houses below. Immediately on our landing we were struck with the variety of costume, and as it was now for the first time we saw the wild and brilliant dresses of the East, the novelty aided much in giving additional pleasure to our visit to this interesting spot. Cattaro is twenty miles from the entrance to the Bocca; contains about 2,100 inhabitants, and is the residence of a bishop. We found great inconvenience here from the want of a *Locanda*, for which we hunted about the place in vain, and we reckoned ourselves fortunate in being able to persuade a butcher to cook some of his meat for our dinner. The travellers who visit this place generally coming by steam, board and lodge in the vessel, and consequently do not meet with the same annoyance.

Breakfasting at a little coffee and wine-shop, we sallied out and strolled over the town, admiring the different dresses, particularly those of the Montenegrini, a race of people that inhabit the country at the back of Cattaro, the population amounting to about 40,000. It is under the protection of Austria, and is governed by a Wladika (bishop), whom we had the pleasure of seeing, as he was on his way to Ragusa. He is a young man of about twenty-eight years of age, and a perfect giant: his dress was very little in accordance with our ideas of the episcopal character. He wore the national dress, consisting of a red cap with a black band round it, an embroidered shirt, the full trowsers supported by a large shawl round the waist, into which were stuck a brace of pistols, a sword, knife, and tobacco-bag; over this a coarse white cloth coat without arms, and hanging down to the knees, with buskins on the legs, and socks with sandals made of hide. Over the shoulder he also wore an immense scarf of the quality of a rug, with huge tassels at the end. In one hand a native generally carries the Turkish pipe, and in the other a long rifle, frequently highly ornamented with silver; and with both of these additions to his appearance, the Bishop of Montenegrini no doubt often issued forth. Their ammunition is carried at the side in two little leathern boxes, studded with tin nails. On account of their warlike disposition they are obliged to leave their arms and ammunition at the gates. Within the city, therefore, these martial people are not seen in their complete dress. The women's costume is something similar to that of the men, except that they do not carry arms nor wear the cloak. Their shirts have the sleeves highly decorated with embroidery; and they wear a sort of kilt of different colours, and, like the Scotch, have a large pocket of goat-hair hanging down in front. Round the waist they carry a ponderous leather belt, covered with brass and ornamented with stones, precious according to the rank and fortune of the wearer. These people live a wandering life, having, like the Bedouins, no particular home, but sleeping at night round their watch-fires. Their wants are few,—chiefly powder and shot. They generally come down to the bazaar, or market, outside of Cattaro, two or three times a-week, exchanging their pigs and fresh-water fish for whatever they require. This being a market day, we had an opportunity of seeing a number of them.

The costume of the inhabitants of Cattaro is generally black,—black cap with gold embroidered crown, black jacket with long pendant silver buttons, and the full trowsers also black. I believe nearly all the respectable Illyrians dress in this style.

The customary manner of expressing gratitude or thanks, appears to be that of kissing the hand. We had scarcely thought of finding so much of eastern customs in this place; it is in fact the stepping-stone between European and Asiatic manners. In the evening we rowed back, landing at Pirasto, where we were struck with the number of tenantless houses, many entirely deserted and in ruins, presenting altogether a most forlorn appearance. A little beyond Pirasto is the village of Risano, the ancient Rhizinium, where are to be seen the ruins of an old Moorish castle. Before we could arrive on board it was quite dark, and the fishermen were commencing their occupation of catching sardines, which are taken during the night, being attracted into the nets by means of large fires burnt at the bow of each boat. The effect on these immense sheets of water was superb, the illumination extending for miles. The men have a peculiar cry, which is said also to bring the sardines together, and added in no small degree to the enchantment of the scene.

A trip to Castel Novo furnished us a morning's amusement. It was anciently called Neo Castrum, and by the Illyrians is called Novi, and was built in the year 1373 by Stefano Tuartko, king of Servia, who surrounded it with strong walls and fortifications. It was some time in the possession of the Genoese, but the walls are now nearly all in ruins; a few Austrian soldiers are stationed here, and the inhabitants are but very few. Not far from it is the lazaretto, where vessels perform quarantine. Our skipper to-day gave a fête to his relatives, Signior Millinovich the owner, who came with his wife and daughters; and, I must say, a pleasanter

party never sat down together to do justice to viands and afford mutual entertainment. These Illyrians, without much education, or having mixed with people more highly civilized than themselves, appeared to possess all the politeness of Frenchmen, with the generous hospitality of the Briton. After sunset we went on shore, and had a bread-and-milk supper at a cottage, shaded by large white mulberry-trees, near the water-side.

July 20th.—Having anchored in deep water, we were some time in getting under weigh. On loosening our sails, we fired a salute to the "Blessed Virgin," which was actually answered by a merry chime from a neighbouring convent. We beat out with the assistance of a mountain squall, the first breath of wind we had felt since entering the port. The weather still continuing too close to remain in the cabin, I again, as on the previous nights, had my bed brought up, and slept on deck. During the succeeding days we enjoyed favourable breezes, and passed the island of Saseno, the headland called La Linguetta, the small island of Fano, and the Ionian Islands. At noon on the 24th we saw the dangerous rocks and small islands called Stamphanes. On the largest is situated a convent and light, 127 feet above the sea. In the evening we were entertained by the performance of one of the sailors on a national instrument with only one string, called a *guali*, something like a guitar, which is played by means of a bow, and the effect is any thing but harmonious. The song with which it is generally accompanied has nothing to recommend it, and consists merely of a drawling out of words, sometimes spoken loudly, at others dying away into a low murmur: on the whole, the effect has much of the drone of the bagpipe, but without its stirring notes. Through the Straits of Cerigo we fell in with a number of vessels of different nations, all directing their course to Constantine's city.

At the extremity of Cape St. Angelo, where the land seemed, for the most part, perfectly sterile, we observed a grotto, in which lives a hermit, whose chief pleasure is said to be in providing a loaf or two of fresh bread for passing ships. We saw a vessel under Candian colours send a boat ashore, to avail themselves of this anchorite's bounty, and as his vow did not admit of communication with his fellow-men, he left the bread on a rock, and retiring, awaited the strangers' arrival at a distance. We were not far from the shore, and could see that he was very roughly clothed, with a large fur cap and a long beard.

On clearing the straits, we could make out the high mountains of Candia, distinctly defined in deep blue above the southern horizon. Nearly midway between, the little island of Cerigotto (ancient Ægilia), could be easily distinguished. On entering the Grecian Archipelago, we encountered adverse winds. Beating about from islet to islet, a small rock called Karavi was the first we passed: we then fell in with Milo and Anti-milo, and with the high and uninhabited islands of Falconera and Bello Poulo. The chief town of Milo bears the same name as the island, and is celebrated for the alum and sulphur that abounds in its neighbourhood; the latter is found in large crystals of a long form, and almost as brilliant as the diamond. The island of Argentiera, situated close to it, is covered with lava and other volcanic remains. In it there is but a single village, where report says, though perhaps incorrectly, that the inhabitants often perish from hunger.

After a day's calm on the 27th, with intense heat, which boiled the pitch out of the seams of the deck, we had a southerly breeze, that soon brought us in sight of the islands of St. George d'Arbora and Hydra, close to the main land, with Sepho and Thermia in the distance. Thermia, anciently called Cythnus, is still as fertile as of yore, the country producing extensive crops, and the coast covered with vines. It is chiefly celebrated for its baths. A great many mulberry-trees grow here, which nourish a number of silk-worms. The principal commerce consists in honey and wax. In this island are the ruins of a city called Ebreo-Castro. The morrow found us in the straits between the island of Zea and that of Macronisi, or Long Island, the neighbouring main land being Cape Colonna, on which stand the remains of the temple of Minerva, its beautiful white columns standing out, as we passed, in bold relief to a dark cloud overhanging the mountains of Greece behind.

The island of Zea is the Cee, or Ceos, of the ancients, and formerly possessed four cities, of which the ruins of Certhea alone remain, and on these is built the modern capital of the island. About a league distant from the harbour are also to be seen some architectural remains. The people here show the trunk of a statue, for which they still manifest fear and respect, as it is believed to be that of Nemesis, the goddess of Vengeance. This island has manufactories of both silk and cotton; but the inhabitants, who are chiefly Greeks, devote themselves more particularly to the production of wine, which is said to be of excellent quality. The top of the hill, upon the side of which the town is built, is crowned with twenty windmills, which add much to the conspicuousness of the place. The port is often frequented by vessels of large tonnage, as there are from eighteen to twenty fathoms of water inside. At the entrance of the harbour is a light-house, which is much required, as the approach is particularly narrow. In the Straits of Doro we joined company with a Russian and a Genoese brig, with which we sailed the whole day in a stiff breeze; all carrying a press of canvass, and trying in vain to out-sail each other. These straits are much frequented by shipping in the summer months, and are about eight to ten miles broad, forming the passage between Negropont, the ancient Eubœa, and the island of Andros; the former being twenty miles broad, but about 350 in circumference. Andros has its chief town of the same name situated like Valetta, on a tongue of land running out into the sea from the centre of a fine bay. This island is no less noted for its antiquity than for its beauty.

DARDANELLES.

On the 30th July we came to anchor in the Dardanelles on the northern side, under the batteries of the new castle of Europe, after encountering some strong and puzzling currents on the shores of the island of Imbros, in which we saw an English schooner become quite unmanageable, and carried down several miles before she was able to extricate herself. On going ashore to have a peep at the formidable-looking brass guns and the large marble shot, intended for the defence of this important thoroughfare, we were astonished to find the small village built behind the castle very nearly deserted, the plague having visited it four years since, and carried off almost the whole of the inhabitants. The houses were tumbling to pieces, and as wood is generally used in the construction of Turkish dwellings, they presented a most forlorn and wretched appearance. The few Turks we met gazed at us as great curiosities, few Europeans visiting the place. Our captain took us to a small coffee-house, where we joined a number of them in a pipe and coffee, the former an instrument four to five feet long, and the latter handed to us in little cups held on a sort of brass egg-cup. From this place of entertainment we were soon obliged to beat a retreat, owing to the desperate attacks we received from an ichthyological army.

Of the fair sex we had but an indifferent opportunity of judging, only a few old women coming down to sell fowls, who took as much pains to cover their faces as any beautiful young Georgian could have done. At the foot of the fortress is a small artificial port, now deserted, but formerly used by the principals of the village for their *caiques*, and for the boats trading to the village. There we saw the wrecks of a steamer and two brigs: the engine and boilers of the former are very close to the shore, and much corroded by the salt-water.

August 2nd.—Invited the captain of the English schooner *Reindeer* to dinner, in the preparation for which a small kid was roasted, turned on a spit by a little Istrian youth, who, paying more particular attention to helping himself to sundry dainty morsels of stuffing than to the fire, was the cause of our nearly losing our main-mast; for casually passing, I found it was on fire, and had it not been quickly extinguished, a few minutes more would have seen it over the ship's side, and perhaps the whole vessel enveloped in flames: as it was, the mast was found much charred and injured. The next day we accepted an invitation from the captain to visit the *Reindeer*, and a very pleasant day ensued, which however was concluded by a narrow escape with our lives at night. Returning late, when the wind had risen to a strong gale right down the straits, we were swept towards our vessel with fearful velocity by the united force of the wind and the current. As we came along-side our boatmen shipped their oars, and caught at the ladder hanging over the side,—missed it, and we were whirled onwards in an instant. The watch on deck having no time to throw us a rope, we were driven a long way astern, and were in imminent danger of being carried out to sea,—the night pitch-dark, and the gale increasing in fury. The men, however, by dint of hard rowing, managed to keep the boat within hailing distance; and G——— cried out like a drowning man for those on board to lower their boat, which had been hoisted up for the night. Our vociferations for *la barca!* soon awoke the captain and the whole crew, who lowered the jolly-boat, and allowed her to float down to us by a line, which we were providentially just able to seize as we gave up rowing through excessive fatigue.

August 5th.—The whole fleet of vessels, amounting to forty, which had collected, now finding the wind favourable, got under weigh, and edged up the weather-side as far as the old castles of Europe and Asia. While they hove-to, in the fulfilment of certain Turkish regulations, the wind fell, and as the vessels were all close together in a strong current, running here at the rate of five and a-half to six knots, the greatest confusion ensued. The ships had to keep close to the Kilid Bahar, or old castle of Europe, where there still remained a vein of wind, out of which if they once fell, the current took them down, and they lost their present chance of passing this formidable barrier. We endeavoured to keep in this slant, but had no sooner got abreast of the battery, than two other vessels came up and took the wind out of our sails; when they had passed, we found ourselves half-way across the stream, and drifting down fast upon the old castle of Asia, called by the Turks Boghas Hissar. Just as we were following the fate of many others, another slight air sprang up, which enabled us with the utmost difficulty to pass up within a yard or two of the rocks on the Asiatic side; coming then into comparatively slack water, we gradually advanced, and were able to let go our anchor near a place called Nagara, about two miles above the forts. An English schooner got through a few minutes after us, and was the last. The *Reindeer* was one of the unfortunates that fell to leeward, and did not reach Constantinople till nearly a month afterwards. About ten only of the forty sail succeeded on this occasion. As we were stowing our sails, a tremendous squall came on from the old quarter, and on its passing away we found the wind to remain blowing right down the Dardanelles; we had thus every reason to congratulate ourselves in having left this difficult passage behind us, as we were now able, with a strong breeze, to beat up through the remainder.

August 6th.—At day-dawn we were under weigh with several other vessels, and tried to work up; but the passage becoming much narrower near the ruins of Abydos, at which place there are strong forts on each side, the small vessels alone were able to pass through, and soon left us behind. After making innumerable tacks, we eventually weathered Point Nagara, and reached down a little bay on the other side.

August 7th.—A repetition of yesterday's beating, but with different success, as we made progress at every tack. In the afternoon we were off the village of Lamsaki (ancient Lampsacus), and shortly afterwards

made Gallipoli with its two light-houses, neither of which has been made use of within the last six years. On reaching the Sea of Marmora the wind died away, and the men being worn out, the captain brought the vessel back under the point above Lamsaki, where he anchored. Next day, by sun-set, we made Cape St. George on the European side; on the Asiatic shore we passed another light-house, the illuminating of which has also for some time been discontinued, to the great risk of vessels navigating these dangerous waters. In the night we had a gale, which rolled us about frightfully. The next day we passed the Island of Marmora. August 11th.—In the course of last night we for the first time felt the land breeze, which brought us at day-dawn off the town of Heraclea. We then passed in succession the town of Selibria and two singular indentures of the sea, called Buyuk Tchekmadji (large bridge), and Kutchuk Tchekmadji (little bridge), from causeways crossing the entrance of each of them, forming on the land side two beautiful salt-water lakes. At sunset we let go our anchor under Point St. Stephano, from whence, by the last remains of daylight, we first saw the cupolas and minarets of the famous city of Stamboul.

August 12th.—For the last time, contending with the adverse current, we brought up under the walls of the old seraglio, whence the vessel was towed round the Seraglio Point into the Golden Horn by nearly a hundred men, who obtain a livelihood by this employment. The Hôtel d'Angleterre, in Pera, offered us first-rate accommodation: here I joined an agreeable party of countrymen, assembled to pass the summer heats. The often-described sights of the city of the Sultan were visited day by day, and we never missed seeing the Grand Signor go to mosque in state every Friday, sometimes by water in the imperial caïques; at other times on horseback. It is called Selamlik, and is always a gay spectacle, for the large vessels of war opposite the palace are then dressed out with different colours, and fire salutes. When the procession comes by land, the best Arabian horses, with magnificently embroidered trappings, are led in the suite.

An excursion to Terapia and Buyukdere afforded us a most pleasant day's amusement. Near the latter village, in which most of the ambassadors have their summer residences, is a fine plain, where we rested ourselves under some noble trees, celebrated as having afforded shade to Baldwin in the time of the Crusades. They are of gigantic growth, and are said to spring from the same root, and at one time to have formed but a single tree. Under their luxuriant shade we were supplied with coffee by a venerable old Turk. It seemed a favourite spot, as the whole place in the afternoon was filled with respectable Turks sitting cross-legged on carpets, smoking chibooks, or nargilés (water-pipes), the ladies of their respective harems accompanying them muffled up in their white kerchiefs and cloaks. They came in gilded waggons called *arabahs*, drawn generally by large oxen; which, together with the different costumes, composed a most brilliant and highly picturesque scene, the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus forming a pleasing back ground. It was late before we landed in the Golden Horn, and as it was dark we had to provide ourselves with a paper lantern, no one being allowed to go about after sunset unprovided with a light. Before we got half way to the hotel, we were attacked by a number of Greeks, who smashed the lantern carried by our boatman, and drove the poor fellow away with kicks and cuffs, and then claimed a reward as having rescued us from the hands of a designing knave. We were obliged to submit, as we could not otherwise have found our way home.

The mosques, the old seraglio, and the bazaars were all visited in turn, and afforded us ample occupation for days. From the top of the Seraskier's tower is a fine view of Constantinople and the environs, the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, and Mount Olympus; refreshments, pipes, coffee, &c. are to be had above. The water melons, which are much eaten by the Turks, are seen every where in great abundance, sometimes in heaps large enough to fill a good-sized English cart.

A gentleman, holding a situation in the arsenal, was kind enough to show me over the Sultan's steam yacht,

the *Messiri Bahri*,* a fine boat, with a bottom like a wherry, and much over-built; she goes fast in fine weather, but owing to her toppling propensities the Sultan uses her but little. In the arsenal, where this craft was lying, were many noble vessels of war, both two and three-deckers. The following morning the same gentleman left me a Turkish letter of introduction folded in muslin, with the ends stuck together with soft red wax, addressed to Mustapha Bey, captain of a line-of-battle ship moored off the seraglio. Accompanied by Col. D——, we went on board with Mr. Cartwright's dragoman: the gentleman to whom the letter was directed not being on board, the second captain did the honours, showing us round the vessel, which mounted eighty-four guns. She was highly ornamented with brass work, but sadly deficient in paint. Pipes and coffee were handed us as usual, after seeing the sword-exercise attempted by a dozen poor sickly looking young men.

August 26th.—Crossed the Bosphorus to Scutari, to see a review held before the Sultan in person on the plain of Haydar Pacha, beyond the extensive cemetery, through which it took us nearly an hour and a-half to ride before we came to the open ground. We passed most of the troops moving along at a slow pace; they consisted of both artillery, cavalry, and infantry, miserably clothed, without stockings, shoes down at heel, belts without pipe-clay, jackets threadbare and in holes; the men themselves, excepting the artillery, a set of unhealthy-looking boys, who apparently had not been washed for a month. The artillery was in tolerable condition, being under the superintendence of Europeans, and the horses were particularly good. They took up their station behind some rising ground, from which they were to appear all at once, and astonish the Sultan by the suddenness of their approach.

The imperial cortège did not make its appearance till noon, detaining us the whole morning in the broiling sun, when a friend received so violent a sun-stroke, that he was obliged to return to England immediately. The women came first, drawn in gilt arabahs, closely covered up excepting their eyes, of which they seemed to make good use. At some distance in the rear followed the ambassadors, mostly in miserable old britskas drawn by a pair of horses. The Sultan's was the only carriage with four horses. Before him came the Kislar Aga, or chief eunuch, a most hideous being, hump-backed, with an enormous head, little nose, thick lips, and with eyes almost closed; he certainly presented more the appearance of a beast than a man. The Grand Vizier followed, with Mehemet Ali's relation Said Pasha, the Sultan's guest, in honour of whom the review was given. He had come over to receive the hand of the Sultan's sister in marriage; but who, it is said, on account of his unwieldly size did not find favour in the eyes of the lady. The pipe-bearers and pashas closed the procession, which wheeled up to some green tents pitched on a spot that commanded the whole field. Sultan Abdul Medjib's tent was of crimson cloth, and placed in advance of the others. On the review commencing, the whole body rushed from their ambush—charged in front—saluted, and then went through other manœuvres with tolerable success; again the cavalry charged,—the lancers getting mixed with the infantry; next came a great deal of firing and complicated evolutions, which terminated in a scene of confusion, many of the companies becoming inextricably entangled with each other, from a miscalculation of their respective distances, so that the effect presented was that of the most disastrous discomfiture and utter rout. On our road home we saw a French gentleman in the custody of fifteen lancers. They had bound him tightly with cords, and were dragging him, stumbling and running as well as he could, along the road at a sharp trot. He had lost his hat, and his head, particularly bald, was exposed to the scorching sun. The Turks seemed violently excited, and ready to tear him to pieces. It appeared that he had only defended himself against an Arab who threw stones at him, and who was struck down in the scuffle. In pressing forward to see the Frenchman, I came accidentally against a Turk, and had the misfortune to knock him down with my knee, the obstinate

* "Walker of the waters."—*Trans.*

brute I rode having so hard a mouth, that he was quite unmanageable. I was immediately attacked by half a dozen of the already irritated Turks, who rushed upon me with sticks, aiming blows at my head, which I had difficulty in warding off. My friends and our servants, however, soon came to the rescue, and enabled me to get rid of them; but it was with no little trouble.

August 27th.—Off to Olympus with a party from the hotel. At noon embarked in the small steamer *Levant*, belonging to the Danube Company, and rounded the Seraglio Point with a favourable breeze. After enjoying a most pleasant trip across the Sea of Marmora, passing Prince's Island, and steaming up the Gulf of Nicomidia, we arrived at Gimleck at nine, P. M. No accommodation being procurable on shore, and the cabin swarming with every species of abominable insect, several of us were obliged to sleep on deck notwithstanding the dew, which falls very heavy in these climates, sometimes equal to a Scotch mist. Landing early, we found the servants had already provided for our ride, the pack-horses were ready laden with tents and baggage necessary for the trip, and we had nothing but to mount and proceed. Falling into a long line led by a *surgee* in his picturesque costume, and armed to the teeth, we formed, as I fancied, an interesting cavalcade as, moving round the bottom of the bay, we approached the mountains leading to Brousa. The road passed over a series of small abrupt hills, with fertile valleys intervening, which produce luxuriantly the vine, mulberry, and pomegranate. At one spot we observed a singular ridge of rocks, which occasioned a good deal of controversy amongst our party, having every appearance of being artificial and of Cyclopean construction; on a near inspection, however, we were fully convinced of its being a natural formation: these rocks had all the regularity of our Stonehenge, and looked like the outer walls of a fortress. At the half-way house we dismounted to breakfast on grapes and black bread. Our bearded host, the only inhabitant of these wild mountains for miles, armed with long pistols and yatagan, soon had us seated under the shade of some large trees, and provided us with pipes and coffee. Water was scarce, and we all drank in common out of a brass bowl engraved with passages from the Koran,—the Turks praising God for the precious draft before putting their lips to it. After finishing our chibooks, an hour's ride brought us to a miserable village on the edge of a large marshy plain, which occupied us another hour in crossing. It was tenanted by herds of buffaloes, whose greatest pleasure seemed to be wallowing and standing up to their necks in the stagnant pools. The neighbourhood of this immense marsh to Brousa causes fever to be very prevalent during the summer season, particularly to those indulging in fruit. It is traversed by a raised causeway. The road hence to the town is over a rising ground, the ruggedness of which is, however, shaded by splendid walnut and young mulberry-trees, the latter cultivated for the subsistence of silk-worms. They produce immense quantities of silk annually, which forms the chief article of commerce at Brousa. On arriving at this ancient capital of Bithynium, we were agreeably surprised to find an hotel lately opened by a Sicilian, travellers having heretofore been obliged either to beg a lodging at the consul's, or to go to one of the dirty Turkish khans. Dismounting in the court-yard of the inn, we found we had been just five hours from Gimleck.

The great attraction of Brousa is its mineral baths, which have been long famous, and are situated half an hour's walk from the city. The one we first arrived at is the most frequented, and is called Yeni Capiglia. Like other Turkish baths, it consists of a series of vaulted rooms, with light admitted by thick pieces of round glass inserted in the roof. In the first and innermost room, the sulphurous water rises immediately from the spring, filling the apartment with vaporous steam so dense, as almost entirely to preclude the power of vision: the water is then led to the second room, where it is collected in a reservoir, into which the bather plunges. The other chambers are filled with cooler vapour, and are used for gradually tempering the body before coming to the last apartment, in which a splendid fountain of ice-cold water plays in the centre.

The bather is here wrapped up in a series of cloths, and laid upon mattresses arranged around the walls, where he recovers himself from the fatigue, either by sleeping, smoking, or drinking sherbet, lemonade, coffee, &c., according to inclination. There is another bath farther on, called Eski Capiglia, on exactly the same plan. As we returned, we branched off up the hill, to visit the old rock on which stood the Acropolis. The only ancient remains are two dilapidated massive door-ways. On the road down we passed the small mosque containing the body of Orchan; near which is another, with the body of his father Othman, the founder of this large empire.

August 30th.—At nine A. M. we commenced the ascent of Olympus, by the road leading up the right bank of the valley, which the surgees chose as being less steep for the horses. In many places it is most wretched; but still the hardy beasts, accustomed to the work, seemed to think nothing of stones of from two to three feet in diameter, or holes in the path of equal dimensions. We frequently found water collected in troughs for these horses. After a long ride in the glaring sun, we arrived at the last small fertile valley, close under the head of Olympus, about three o'clock, having passed several deserted encampments of the Turcomans, which wandering people we expected to find located here, and on whom we depended for the greater part of our supplies. They had, however, lately moved off to the nearest village, as all the snow had disappeared that prevents the vegetation from being burnt up, and there was now little left for the sustenance of their numerous flocks. Dismounting on a pretty little level spot of dry turf, close to a mountain torrent, whose waters promised us a refreshing bath, we pitched our tents, and were soon seated round an excellent

MOUNT OLYMPUS.

dinner, during the preparation of which we availed ourselves of the icy water of the murmuring stream to wash off the dust of the ride. Enjoying our pipes after it, the servants and surgees collected dry wood as fuel for the fire, which they burnt all night, to keep off the wolves and other animals. They lighted it immediately after sun-set, and as the last glimpse of day disappeared, we gathered ourselves around the cheerful blaze. The temperature at once underwent a sudden change, and fell many degrees; so that from going about in thin Turkish trowsers and shirt, we were obliged to wrap ourselves in fur jackets and great coats. Before

day-dawn we were to horse, and climbed to the summit of the Mysian Olympus. We were obliged to drive our beasts over large rocks, holes, and stunted brushwood, as there is scarcely any signs of a footpath. Owing to the darkness, the surgees did not catch the horses and saddle them so early as we desired; the consequence was, by the time we stood on the dome which forms the summit of Olympus it was already broad daylight, and the sun some distance above the horizon; thus disappointing us in the anticipated sight of a glorious sun-rise. On the top we discovered the foundations of a considerable building, although for what purpose constructed we could neither learn nor guess. We came down by a shorter and steeper cut, in many places the horses refusing to move unless violently urged on by the whip, and then almost tumbling head over heels: we arrived at our encampment in an hour's time from leaving the summit.

We had an addition of *chimac* to our breakfast, procured from the Turcomans; it is a preparation from milk, much resembling our Devonshire cream, and for which one of the party had almost expressly ascended the mountain. We had a visit from several Turcomans, who came across to see us, and whom we amused ourselves by sketching, to their intense delight. In the evening a bowl of punch assisted many in elevating themselves to another visit to the gods. The fire to-night again succeeded as well as the last in preventing the attacks of wild beasts, although some of us heard the roaring of several: we were all armed, and prepared for any sudden emergency.

September 1st.—Our provisions being exhausted, and no chance of a new supply, we were obliged reluctantly to strike our tents and return to Broussa. At noon we moved off, and after passing the deserted encampments, we turned to the right and descended by a much more precipitous road, frequently worse than many an Alpine pass. In some places, for many yards, it passed over steep flights of loose rocks, that frequently tore the luggage from the sumpter-mules' backs, and down which we expected momentarily to be precipitated head foremost. Half way one of our party shot an eagle with his pistol, measuring six feet between the wings. We reached Broussa about four o'clock.

The silk-weavers, whose shops are situated on the lower roofed bridge which crosses the chasm separating the city into two parts, we saw hard at work. Their patterns appeared to have great sameness, although neatly executed. The arms' bazaar here, as well as at Constantinople, is a great sight: some of the sabres were most elaborately ornamented, and many of the pistols were entirely covered with silver. We did not leave this most pleasantly situated city till the 4th, when we returned by the same road over the plain, again meeting our friends the buffaloes, anointing their swarthy skins in the slimy mud to protect them from the poignant sting of the musquito; in five hours and a half we reached the landing-place at Gimleck and embarked on board the steamer, where we had worse accommodation than ever below, the cabin being filled with bales of silk. September 5th.—With a full cargo of Turks, Jews, Armenians, and Pilgrims from Mecca, we got under weigh at SIX, A. M. Although nearly calm, we soon found, owing to the captain's wishing to try an experiment by taking all her ballast out, that she began to roll most fearfully; sometimes one wheel would be entirely out of the water, sometimes the other. The Turks not choosing to remain quiet in their seats, but wanting continually to wash their hands and feet before praying, increased the motion so much, that during the whole distance from Gimleck to Constantinople the little vessel never made more than two and a half knots, causing it to be so late by the time we entered the Golden Horn, that we found the quarantine office closed, and we were unable to obtain *pratique*. We had therefore to make the best of our situation, and find sleeping accommodation where we could,—a difficult task, as the natives had already extended themselves at full length all over the deck. I at one time thought I had discovered a vacant spot; but before I could lay myself down, I was driven away by a long-bearded Turk, who pointed out to me that I

had just placed myself in the centre of his harem! I and another Englishman esteemed ourselves fortunate in being able eventually to get slyly into the boat hanging over the quarter, and stow ourselves quietly away under the thawts.

I remained at Pera until the 14th, having suffered part of the time from the prickly heat, caught by exposure to the heavy night-dew when sleeping in the open air, but was still able to complete my sight-seeing, including the dancing and howling dervishes. The former exhibit in Pera every Tuesday and Friday at two o'clock, when strangers are admitted, if they go prepared with slippers to put over their boots. Entering, we

DANCING DERVISHES

found fourteen dervishes, with their high conical felt caps, arranged in a row within an enclosed compartment, covered with large cloaks and kneeling, their faces turned towards Mecca. They seemed entirely absorbed in prayer. Shortly afterwards, rising up, they took off their cloaks and stood round the head priest in their jackets and large petticoats; after receiving a blessing and bowing round him, they commenced whirling like tops or tee-totums, at a regular pace one after the other, and when they were all in motion they nearly filled the apartment with their extended dresses, requiring the greatest attention to keep the garments from touching each other, an offence, I was told, highly punishable. The dancing was accompanied by four musicians in an upper gallery, who kept up a nasal humming song to the sound of a drum and a sort of bagpipe, possibly suited to the step of the dancers, but far from being musical. They not only whirled on their own centres, but gradually progressed round the room in a circle, many of them having their eyes closed. This was continued for about an hour, with only two pauses, during which time they knelt with their faces to the ground and prayed; rising again in a couple of minutes, and after again going through the same ceremony with the high priest, span off one by one into the previous monotonous yet graceful twirl. They finished by throwing on their cloaks and praying silently for a few minutes, when a dervish who had not joined in the dance chaunted a short hymn; which done, they all arose, were kissed by the head dervish, and in the same manner saluted each other. Thus concluded the religious ceremony of this most singular sect.

The howling dervishes perform their rites at the same hour at Scutari on Thursdays; they are, however, disgusting spectacles. The apartment, which is small, dirty, and dark, is hung with the signatures of various sultans, called Tourah; also with sharp-pointed instruments, with balls and chains attached, formerly used to

inflict wounds on the body during the ceremonies, and brought from Mecca by zealous pilgrims, serving them as a passport on their return home. Others beside dervishes join in this mummery, for we recognised several Scutari boatmen amongst them. They had already begun when we entered; we found them arranged round the room in a close row, and calling upon Allah, with other words pronounced rapidly, and to us unintelligibly; they accompanied their cries with a jogging movement, turning alternately from one side to the other, the head priest every now and then urging them on faster by clapping his hands and marking a quicker time to their howl. At last it became quite painful to look at some of these devotees who were now excited to the highest state of nervousness, shouting and tossing their heads violently about, with their eyes rolling like maniacs; when, finally wrought up to a perfect frenzy, a man with a deformed arm fell down in a fit, I can readily imagine real, although some thought only feigned. He appeared strongly convulsed, his arms and legs contracted and rigid. He was lifted up and laid on the middle of the floor, where the priest straightened his limbs and rubbed his muscles. After he had partly recovered, they set him on his legs and embraced him as the inspired one, from whom holy words were to proceed; he was then led back to his place, when he continued the jogging motion, screeching and howling sentences, the import of which we could not learn. This ceremony was repeated a second time, but no one being inspired, they formed a ring, with the chief dervish in the middle, round whom they howled, tore, and ranted like fiends, until, perfectly exhausted, they fell on their faces and prayed. We were glad to escape from this diabolical and unnatural scene.

I now joined a party to the *Mahmoudie*, 140 guns, the largest vessel in the Turkish navy, having four complete decks of guns, and, like the other vessels in this service, an abundance of brass ornamental work. Although anchored off the palace, only a few miserable men, whom they called sailors, were on board, and who had every appearance of being just kidnapped from the country. The *Nousratir* (Victorious) is a magnificent double-banked frigate, mounting 74 guns, in complete order, and a most perfect man-of-war in every respect; she is said to be a very fast sailer. September 14th.—Embarked on board the Austrian steamer *Crescent* at four P.M., and soon glided into the Sea of Marmara, having nothing but the few Turks, our fellow-passengers, to remind us of the scenes we had left behind.

"Queen of the morn! Sultana of the East!
City of wonders! on whose sparkling breast,
Fair, slight, and tall, a thousand palaces
Fling their gay shadows over golden seas!
Where towers and domes bestud the gorgeous land,
And countless masts a mimic forest stand;
Where cypress shades the minaret's snowy hue,
And gleams of gold dissolve in skies of blue;
Daughter of eastern art, the most divine—
Lovely, yet faithless bride of Constantine,
Fair Istamboul, whose tranquil mirror flings
Back with delight thy thousand colourings,
And who no equal in the world dost know,
Save thy own image pictured thus below!"

NATIVE BOATS. SMYRNA.

CHAPTER III.

SMYRNA—FOKIA—ERYTHRÆ—SCIO—EPHESUS—SAMOS—BRANCHIDÆ—COS—HALICARNASSUS—CNIDUS—RHODES—MARMORICE—TELMESSUS—MONTE MADONNA—KARABAGHLA—LERO—PATMOS—SYRA.

I WAS aroused by the stopping of the steamer and noises over head; on looking out of the scuttle, I found that we had crossed the Propontis and were opposite Gallipoli, landing several parties of Turks. An hour and a half more steaming down the Dardanelles brought us to the old castles, where my Olympian friends left us, intending to ride through the Troad and visit such of the seven churches as lay north of Smyrna. Another hour brought us out from between the new castles into the open Ægean, a great difference in time from that taken in ascending, when we had but the fickle wind to depend upon instead of the mighty arm of steam. We shaped our course between Tenedos and the main land, with the plains of Troy and Mount Ida in view. Off Tenedos, now called Bogtcha Adassi by the Turks, we found the English corvette *Talbot* on her way up to the Bosphorus to relieve the *Magicienne*. At noon we were abreast of Point Baba, close to which is situated the village of Assos, at which are many interesting remains. Passing between Mytilene and the main land, it was dark when we entered the Gulf of Smyrna, disappointing us of the beautiful scenery of its shores. We came to anchor off the town about midnight, between the English corvette *Daphne*, and the French brig of war *Alcibiade*. At the navy hotel, kept by a Frenchman, I found a pleasant room, commanding a fine view of the gulf and shipping. My first stroll was to see that part of the town which had so lately been consumed by fire, 30,000 houses having been destroyed, chiefly belonging to the Turkish quarter. Very few ruins were to be seen, as the buildings, being of wood, left but little indication of their former existence. This part of Smyrna occupied the higher ground, and formed the back part of the city. Had it not been for the European ships of war, a much greater number of houses would have been destroyed.

The process of packing figs in the drums for exportation, is considered as one of the "curiosities" of Smyrna, though in truth it is simple enough, and conducted without any mystery. After drying on the tree, they are brought from the country on camels' backs, and we met long rows of these animals toiling through the crooked and dirty streets, with their huge loads towering far above our heads. The figs are then turned out in a heap in the middle of an apartment, round which are squatted a group of women and children, not

very cleanly in appearance, who press them into rather a long shape from the stalk, and then hand them in sieves to another party of women and men, who, with a drum before them and a pail of salt water by their sides, form a little packet of figs in their hands by pressing half a dozen close together, and place them round the inner edge of the drum, with the stalk inwards. On completing the circle, they fill up the inside with as many as they can get in, and then sprinkling the whole with salt water to destroy the worm, which each fig is said to contain, and to produce a candied appearance on crystallization, they proceed to the next layer. The whole operation is performed with incredible dispatch.

The ruins of the old castle above the town command a fine view, both seaward and inland; the former comprising the Gulf of Smyrna and the Island of Mytilene, the latter the country of Asia Minor, towards Ephesus, and Scala Nova. Within the smouldering walls are the remains of an old bath, and underneath are extensive subterraneau vaults, which at the time of the conflagration were crowded with human beings, seeking shelter under their long-deserted arches. The unfortunate fatalists were in no wise able to assist themselves, and had to depend entirely for a considerable time on the energetic measures which the European merchants took for their support. At the entrance gate to the castle is the colossal head of a female, built into the wall, and supposed to be that of "Smyrna" represented as a woman. The extreme end of the gulf terminates in a low marsh, abounding with quails and agues; whilst the shores on either side are bounded by steep and precipitous mountains. To Windmill Point, through the Frank quarter, is a favourite walk, and much frequented by the Greek ladies, who, unlike their neighbours the Turks, are not at all backward in displaying their beauty to the public gaze. The mill which gives name to this locality, is situated at the end of a low marshy spot running out into the gulf, and commanding a fine view of the adjacent quay with its consular houses, whose flags are generally seen flying over their respective roofs; the shipping of almost every maritime nation, and the mountains beyond, form an exquisite back ground, from the beautiful tints they constantly present to the eye.

October 5th.—I joined two gentlemen in taking a small yacht. She had a motley crew of five men; the master was a Ragusian, the mate a Genoese, and the remainder, two Sicilians and a Greek. Having waited till the inbat, or sea-breeze, died away, we got under sail in the afternoon, and standing out from the closely-packed shipping, sailed down to the castle situated about five miles distant. We worked on as far as the two remarkable summits of Mount Corax called the Brothers, where we were overtaken by a squall, which rent our jib. We continued our course to Vourla. The wind right aft, we raced down the gulf at a great pace, passing near English Bay in Long Island, an Austrian brig and a beautiful English fruit schooner, both bound upwards, and riding out the gale with their topmasts struck: they did us the honour of showing their colours. We arrived opposite a small village called Escomene, and found the wind increasing so much in violence as we approached the open sea, that we made up our minds to cross the gulf to the port of New Fokia (ancient Leucæ), on the northern shore, near to Old Fokia (ancient Phocæa), a place formerly of considerable maritime importance, and where are supposed to be some traceable remains of a temple to Minerva, destroyed, according to Xenophon, by lightning in the fourth year of the 92nd Olympiad, B. C. 408.

The entrance to the anchorage of New Fokia is protected by a large Turkish fort, mounting two or three brass guns, formidable as far as their calibre was concerned. On passing this, two fine bays are opened, in the innermost of which the town is built upon a small neck of land jutting out into it. In the time of the Genoese republic it must have been a place of some importance, as it is surrounded by strong walls and towers of their construction, now falling rapidly into ruins. Anchoring close under the walls, near a grove of olive-trees, we were allowed to land on showing our *teskariahs* and bill of health.

Two ancient sarcophagi, used by the Turks as cisterns, stand at the entrance gate: they are without ornament or inscription. The streets of the village are most filthy, with a complete ditch of mire in the middle, into which the horses, asses, and camels often sink knee-deep, raising a most odious splashing and stench,

FOKIA

from which, owing to the narrowness of the way, it is impossible to escape without running into some house where a door may accidentally have been left open. The remains of antiquity pointed out to us within the walls were two large blocks of marble; one evidently a tomb, bearing an inscription in Greek, the other a defaced and shapeless mass, probably used for a similar purpose. S—— strolling into the country with his gun to provide our table with red-legged partridges, Dr. M—— and myself branched off to a very beautiful and extensive cemetery to the east, thickly planted with fine cypress and other evergreen trees. We here stumbled upon several pieces of broken marble columns, both fluted and plain, with fragments of capitals and bases. Around this picturesque resting-place of the deceased Moslem are numerous vineyards and olive-groves, their different shades of green affording a pleasing variety to the foliage; and some hills which we passed on our return presented a singular appearance, having immense pinnacles of rock, resembling piles of ruins, protruding from their sides and summits. A small aqueduct on arches, which supplies the town with water, and seemingly of Genoese construction, runs from the neighbourhood of these hills to New Fokia.

At dusk, from the increased violence of the wind, we had to let go a second anchor, the first, moreover, having dragged considerably. October 7th.—The gale not at all decreasing, we were obliged to pass the forenoon on board; but in the latter part of the day we were able to land and climb up a small but steep mountain, on the top of which are some curious caves used by the Turcomans, who come there to shelter their flocks from beasts of prey during the night. We found but one old man near these excavations, who was watching some camels, his companions being away feeding their herds. We returned through several walled vineyards, with small wells of water and a building containing a wine-press near each, with a low tower attached, in which the cultivator could overlook the grounds. This was beautifully scriptural, and seemed literally to answer to one of our Saviour's parables, in which "a certain householder planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country."

October 8th.—The wind having much abated the previous evening, we got under weigh during the night, and at day-dawn we found ourselves under the high land of Cape Karabournu—in English, Black-nose—

(the ancient Melæna), forming the extremity of the southern shore of the Gulf of Smyrna, and situated immediately under Mount Mimas, known for its tremendous gales. We were unable to see the whole height of this mountain, as it was covered with thick white clouds, from which every now and then came down heavy gusts of wind, rendered dangerous from their suddenness. Beating to windward of the long island of Spalmadore, extending nearly across the Straits of Scio, we passed Horse Island, and made but one board down the great Bay of Erythræ, at the bottom of which are some ancient Greek remains, very little visited except by the poor inhabitants of the surrounding islands, who make a sort of pilgrimage to it, being accounted by them as sacred. In the afternoon we brought up in front of a few houses built of the fragments of temples, for the temporary accommodation of the pilgrims, and situated under a steep hill, on the top of which are the remains of the Acropolis. At the landing-place we at once stumbled amongst the ruins of ancient buildings and pillars,—large square hewn stones, extensive foundations, blocks with inscriptions lying scattered around us. Mounting a horse with a pack-saddle, and surrounded by numbers of the dirty devotees, we scrambled up the hill; towards the top a group, as wild as Macbeth's witches, presented themselves to our view, sitting round a caldron of dark and savoury broth, preparing for supper. Behind them were the maidens, wearing loose shirts of raw silk, open in front, and a flowing gown falling neatly round the figure; while over the head was thrown a white kerchief, but not in the least to cover the face, as with the Turkish ladies. Most of them had noble features, a fine clear complexion, dark eyes, long eyelashes, and a slightly aquiline nose.

Crossing the remains of a wall composed of large square blocks of the finest workmanship, we came to a wooden shed, erected by the Greeks for the preservation of a mosaic pavement, the design of which we found much obliterated. The pilgrims had swept it clean, and decorated the inside of the shed with rude paintings of our Saviour, to which they bowed and crossed themselves with much fervour. There were many pieces of marble, having Greek sentences chiselled on them, and also others with engraved crosses built into the modern wall. We were led to conjecture that we were standing on the foundation of one of the numerous primitive Greek churches. On the left side, on entering, is another small foundation with Greek mosaic remains: it appears to have been either a small side-chapel or mausoleum. In a small recess at the end stands a pedestal, or altar, bearing this inscription* on one side:

ΓΟΘΕΙΝΗΣ
ΤΡΟΦΟΥ.

Passing down the steep side at the back of the mountain, there appeared beneath us at its foot a long valley of marshes, with a small river winding through. On the northern side we came to the remains of a theatre in a most dilapidated state, with but few seats remaining, and the whole pretty thickly covered with plants and bushes. It is cut out of the hill side, as was usual with the ancient Greeks. The size is not large, measuring about 300 feet in diameter. Returning to the Marina we passed several remains of a strong and well-built wall, running from the proscenium of the theatre towards the sea, and near which we found the foundation of a small tomb, the sides grown round with bushes, the middle occupied with pieces of fluted columns, broken bases, and capitals. A small and beautiful Ionic capital attracted my eye, and I inquired of those around if there would be any objection to my carrying it away: the reply was a laugh at my taking the trouble to remove such rubbish. I therefore quickly had it transferred to my saddle, and made fast to it. On the way down to the boat we passed immense quantities of marble columns, built into the walls which border and support the earth in their half-cultivated fields. We, however, found no spot which we could identify as the site of the temple of Hercules.

* "From the nurse of Gotheine."—*Trans.*

Theatre at Erythrae. Straits of Scio.
J. H. Allan.

Stopping at a small well near the sea-side to give my horse water, we beheld a beautiful scene. The maidens having been sent down to draw water, carried the pitchers on their heads, and seeing that we were thirsty, gave us their vessels to drink out of; and, as well by their costume, their complexion, features, and expression, as by their simplicity and grace, we could not help being reminded of the story of Rebecca in Holy Writ. My recollection of some of the pictures of the old Italian masters no doubt contributed to the strength of the impression.

October 9th.—Light airs kept us from starting till late this morning, when we employed the whole forenoon in creeping out of the bay. As we repassed Horse Island, we landed to inspect more narrowly some remains we thought we could perceive from the sea; there was, however, little to repay us, as we found but two pieces of plain column,—one red, the other of white marble, near a fisherman's shed under the foliage of two or three fig-trees. Standing over across the straits, we let go our anchor in the small port of Scio (*Chios*), half an hour before sunset. We endeavoured to supply our wants and depart immediately, but the Turks have now gone to the other extreme with their quarantine regulations, and we were unable to obtain our papers again till the morrow. Our consul, a Venetian of the name of Vidover, was unable to do any thing for us in this case; we therefore made the best of our circumstances by examining the objects around us.

We certainly did not find the island in so grandly picturesque a state as that described in Mr. R. H. Horne's "Orion," either with regard to its "rocky heights of snow," its immense "cedar forests of profound gloom," its long "marshes and fens," or its "ancient palaces;" but rather presenting, in these modern times, an appearance of uninteresting barrenness and uncromantic ruin. Near the fort in which the Turks now live, is an immense space of ground, cleared of houses, whose inhabitants were destroyed during the unprovoked massacre of the Greeks. Not far from this desolate spot are still the walls of some most substantial and beautiful stone-built mansions, constructed by the Genoese. They must really have been elegant buildings, far different indeed from the modern miserable Turkish mud-brick hovels, many of them being handsomely wrought with carve-work and other ornamental decorations.

We here met Mr. T—— engaged in working a machine on board the old schooner-yacht *Wizard*, of London, for the purpose of raising guns and treasure from the Turkish line-of-battle ship, commanded by the Capudan Pasha, and destroyed by the Greeks sixteen years ago, when on the point of sailing away with all the treasure, jewels, plate, money, &c., which they had plundered from the island. The man who blew her up was in a Greek schooner of war, which was sailing out as we came into the port. His son was nearly persuaded to go down and see the wreck, sunk in thirty fathoms water, with the assistance of the *Wizard's* diving helmet, but the great depth deterred him. The machinery is worked by four horses, and is capable of supplying air to a man thirty-five fathoms below the surface, notwithstanding the prodigious pressure exerted by the water at that depth, and the necessity of an abundant supply of air from the condensers. The party have hitherto been unsuccessful, not having recovered more than thirty out of one hundred guns, and no treasure to repay them, after toiling nearly three complete seasons.

October 10th.—Bonaza. Our patience was much tired by the dead calm. To pass the time we once more wandered through the ruined streets, deploring again and again the dire revenge the Moslem reeked upon unhappy Scio. At the small bazaar we purchased a supply of mastic, an article forming one of the staple productions of the island, and formerly a monopoly of the Sultan, but which they can now dispose of as they please, paying annually the sum of 250,000 piastres (upwards of £2000) for the privilege. It is much used by the Turkish ladies, who chew it in order to impart a peculiar fragrance to the breath. It is produced from the lentisk trees, and at certain seasons falls in tears into receptacles

placed underneath, in which it is allowed to dry, and is then sifted by men, who are obliged to oil their faces after the work to clear them of the dust of the gum, which would otherwise cake into a sort of mask.

——— "And on the way we met
A mastic-sifter, with his fresh-oiled face."
ORION. Book i. c. 3.

After our ramble we regaled ourselves with a curious sort of muffin made with oil, much in favour amongst the Greeks, who call it κατα μερ (every day), from its constant appearance on the table. At the foot of a mountain (Mount Epos), about an hour's ride from the port, they show a little stone shaft, or seat, on which tradition says that Homer sat, and gave instruction to scholars; though other accounts affirm that it was here Homer himself was taught. The latter tradition has, I find, been adopted by Mr. Horne:—

"Nor, it may be, without prophetic thrill,
When on Mount Epos turned his parting glance.
There, in an after age, close at its foot,
In the stone level was a basin broad
Scooped out, and central on a low shaft sat
A sage with silver hair, and taught his school,
Where the boy Homer on the stony rim
Sat with the rest around. Bright were his eyes."
ORION. Book iii. c. 2.

At noon we had a light breeze, which enabled us to stand over to Chismeh, on the main land, opposite to the ancient Cape Posidium, in Scio. The Russians destroyed a Turkish fleet at that port, and Mr. Lowe, of the *Wizard*, is continually raising the guns out of three fathoms water, by means of a launch recovered from one of the sunken vessels. We had light airs and calms during the remainder of the day; but a favourable current carried us in the course of the night past the small Horse Island off Cape Blanc, the ancient Argennium. October 11th.—At sunset we were only as far as Hypsili Island, near which formerly stood Myonnesus; passing in the course of the day the modern village of Vocatar, Latzata Bay, in which is the site of ancient Halonesus, Port Sykia, Cape Koraka, and the western extremity of the Bay of Sighajik. At the remote end of this latter place are the remains of a temple at Teos, sacred to Bacchus; it was one of the smallest of the Asiatic Greek temples, having but one row of columns, similar to that of Minerva at Priene. The only trace of columns said to remain at this place, is the diameter of one visible above the ground, measuring three feet eight inches, and of the Ionic order. Hermogenes, the architect of the temple of Teos, was the inventor of the enstylus, or beautiful proportion, of which this temple was an example. Rounding the eastern cape of the bay, we lay-to all night off the supposed site of Lebedus.

October 12th.—Hoisted out our boat, and went on shore at a place where we discovered the remains of a long wall of masonry running by the sea-side, composed of large soft porous stones, which had evidently suffered much from the sea air. We imagined these to have formed the walls of the ancient Lebedus, and the few fragments of columns that are found amidst heaps of rubbish are the only remains of the city destroyed by Lysimachus. Coasting down the Gulf of Scala Nova we passed a small islet, now called Pondico, formerly sacred to Diana. On weathering Kara-aghajik Point, we passed close to the ruins and port of Colophon, celebrated for the cavalry it furnished the Greek army. Pressing on towards Ephesus, we came to anchor about noon close to the mouth of the Kuchuk Meinder, (the ancient Caystrus), flowing through the marsh, occupying the ancient port of Ephesus. Not knowing the nearest spot from which we could reach the ruins, we landed in the middle of the marsh, when S—— and

his servant pushed straight forward, and, as he afterwards reported, struggled for two hours and a half through loose sand and long grass until, quite wearied, they came to the ruins, when it required all the enthusiasm he could muster to climb over the piles of all manner of rubbish and underwood, in search of Diana's far-famed temple and the theatre in which the Apostle Paul preached to the idolatrous Ephesians. M—— and myself, with the two Sicilian sailors, took the dingy, and endeavoured to get to Ephesus by water, by rowing up the Caystrus. Ignorant of its entrance, we tried the north side of the plain, where we discovered a small shallow mouth, like a ditch, leading to deeper water within. We dragged the boat through, lifting her over the rocks, and rowed a little distance amidst long reeds, passing under the remains of a ruined bridge, the centre arch of which had long since sunk in; but our progress was shortly stopped by strong stake-nets driven across to catch the fish. A poor Greek, living in a reed hut and evidently experienced in agues and fevers, informed us that this water soon terminated in a swampy lake, the river itself being on the southern edge of the plain, and navigable for a long distance. Retracing our way back from out of the swamp, we hoisted our sail and scudded down to the other entrance, which we had some difficulty in finding, as it was swampy, shallow, and concealed by reeds and sand-banks. On gaining the river, we were a second time stopped by fish-stakes, and no offer of money could induce the Greeks in charge to let us pass through. It was now late in the afternoon, and M—— gave it up, as he had already visited Ephesus on a previous occasion, although we possibly might have hauled the boat round the barrier. I walked about three miles by the river side, meeting with numerous fragments of marbled columns and remains of quays; all evident traces of the ancient port. At a little distance from the river I came across a quarry, in which unfinished blocks and friezes still remained attached to the mother rock, some of them very fresh, as if the Ephesian workman had but lately laid down his hammer and chisel. With the ruins in sight, I was obliged to turn back and leave one of my greatest desires ungratified, the shades of evening coming on, and the demon, malaria, spreading his wings abroad. I was alone and any thing but comfortable, passing over sharp rocks, and herds of wild-looking buffaloes every now and then coming up, taking a gaze at my strange figure, and bounding off with a leap and snortle into the long reeds of morass. S—— endeavoured, on his return, to procure horses at the Turkish village of Ayasalook, but not one could be obtained. At Smyrna we were led to believe that this was the best and shortest route; but I should be inclined to think that a horse from Scala Nova would always be the most direct and expeditious way of visiting Ephesus from the coast.

October 13th.—Before day-dawn we were on our way to Samos; but again, owing to light winds, we made but little progress till the afternoon, when we found ourselves in the Little Boghaz, the name by which the straits are known that separate Samos from the main. Near this passage is the site of the ancient city of Panionium. In the Little Boghaz, under Mount Mycale, we were quite becalmed, and toiled at our sweeps for some time to gain a slant of wind two miles ahead, which on reaching took us along at two knots. We then saw a large caique with a yellow sail put out from a little creek and give us chase, altering her course as we did ours. Knowing that the neighbourhood was infested with pirates, we cleared for action, loaded our muskets, fowling-pieces, and pistols, with which we were amply furnished, and prepared for resistance. As long as the wind was light they neared us, having plenty of men to work their long oars; but as soon as it freshened, our vessel showed her superior sailing qualities, and left them rapidly behind. We hoisted a pennant to deceive them, and on quitting the passage made for the anchorage of Tigan; whereupon they stood to the southward, and we saw nothing more of these marauders.

Without coming to anchor, we landed in the bay under a fine castle built on a headland by the Genoese, and containing in its walls many fragments from the ruins in the neighbourhood. Ordering horses from the

village in the ancient port of Samos, we rode along the beach to the south, on the edge of a long valley of low land and marsh; at the other side of which, after an hour and a half's riding, we found the only remaining column of the famous temple of Juno, which, with the temple of Diana at Ephesus, Herodotus mentions as the

TEMPLE OF JUNO, SAMOS.

most admirable of all the works of the Grecians, and also as being the largest temple of which he had any knowledge. Hence Leake says, "It appears that the Heræum of Samos was larger than the Artemisium at Ephesus, as the latter existed in the time of that historian. The length of the Heræum was 346 feet, and 189 broad. The columns were about seven feet in diameter at the bottom of the shaft, and about sixty feet high. The material was the white and blueish gray marble of the island." We were shown a fine head, belonging, from its size, to a statue of colossal proportions; probably one of the decorations of the temple. We also saw some figures in alto-relievo.

Situated on a hill, at the back of this large plain, stands the modern capital Megali Chora. Near our landing-place we observed great quantities of beautifully fluted white marble columns, that must evidently at one time have supported a building of some consideration, although from their diameter it could not have been of very great magnitude. We were told, on embarking, that there was at a short distance a beautiful statue, apparently of some goddess, lately found enclosed in a sarcophagus discovered in excavating, but night prevented us returning to see it. We brought off a supply of the celebrated Samian wine, so much in repute among the ancients, and it was not long before we sat down to dinner, laughing, as we suited the action to the word, whilst repeating the lines—

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine," &c.

October 14th.—A favourable current set us past the island of Gathonisi, and at ten o'clock we were becalmed from seven to eight miles off Cape Arbora. We soon had our boat out, and, furnished with provisions and water, shoved off for the distant shore. After a fatiguing pull in the sun, we disembarked in a small cove, into which during the rainy and wintry season flows a river. We found a few scattered houses near, but were unable to procure horses to carry us up to the ruins of the temple of Apollo Didymæus, which was to be seen in the village of Branchidæ, at some distance from our landing-place. An uncomfortable walk in a heavy rain, which had commenced suddenly as we reached the shore, brought us to the columns that alone remain of this beautiful temple. Two are still united with the architrave, whilst the third stands on the other side of the ruins of the cella, with its fluting left uncompleted. Colonel Leake says the

proportions are more slender than those of Samos and Sardis; the height of the columns being sixty-three feet, with a diameter of six and a half feet at the base of the shaft. The architrave is lower, and the building much

TEMPLE OF APOLLO DIDYMÆUS, BRANCHIDÆ.

less ancient than those two temples. It had twenty-one columns on the flanks, and four between the antæ of the Pronaos,—in all one hundred and twelve. The fluting of the columns was finished only in the exterior order; in the interior it appears only under the capital, where it forms part of the same block as the capital, having been executed together with it before the column was erected. Completing the remainder of the fluting, was the last operation after the building of the edifice. Thus we frequently meet temples that have been entirely finished, with the exception of this ornamental portion. The material of this temple is white marble. The other portions of the ruins consist of immense piles of hewn stones shaken into confused heaps, probably by earthquakes. The bases of many other pillars are visible, and form a continuation of the row in which the two noticed are standing. Close at hand are several large blocks of marble, elaborately ornamented with carved work of first-rate workmanship. A windmill is now built on the pile of stones that formerly composed the cella. The village that surrounds this interesting relic is of the most miserable sort, and inhabited chiefly by Asiatic Greeks.

Our yacht having drawn in closer to the land, it was not long before we were on board again, and bade adieu to Ionia. October 15th.—Off the island of Anti-Furmaco, with a light and favourable wind. At ten o'clock A.M. we fell in with the English surveying cutter *Magpie*, Lieutenant Brooks, off Cape Karabaghla, and the islands of Aga. Soon afterwards we obtained sight of Cos, the modern capital of the island of Stanchio, where we came to anchor about three o'clock P.M. On landing we met the Consul's son, who conducted us to the Consulate, from the roof of which were flying the standards of various nations, in honour of our arrival. He is the representative of most European powers, except the French and Dutch. The only consular salary he receives is from the English government, which, in addition, provides him with a uniform. After partaking of refreshments at his house, we walked out together to the gigantic plane-tree growing in the town, in an open space, and whose immense spreading branches are supported by splendid marble columns of different colours. The trunk of this huge tree measures thirty-two feet in circumference, and the foliage is babited by flights of beautiful turtle-doves.

Fragments of columns, both fluted and plain, are met with frequently, forming perhaps at one time the Asclepieium, or temple of Æsculapius, the site of which has never been precisely ascertained. The old port

behind the castle is now blocked up with mud and reeds, the Turks being too idle to clear it out, although it has a paved bottom in good order. The Austrians proposed to the Porte to do this some time since, if they were allowed to receive the dues; but their offer was rejected.

Votive altars are met with in numbers. One hollowed out to bruise corn was very beautiful, bearing four figures of Victory with garlands, carved in relief, of great elegance and grace. Many were built up into the walls, one of them bearing the following inscription: *

ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΥΤΟΥ
ΑΡΤΕΜΙΔΩΡΟΥ
ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ.

The Consul conducted us to the sea-wall of the castle, into which had been built four pieces of bas-relief, placed there in the time of the construction of the fort either by the Genoese or Venetians; probably the latter, as we afterwards saw a winged lion in marble, built into one of the walls. The bas-reliefs represent Jupiter and Juno, with Hercules standing by their side; Apollo and the Muses underneath; Hercules tearing

BAS-RELIEFS, COS.

off the hide of the Nemæan lion, with a figure sacrificing. The fourth is much mutilated, but still represents Apollo flaying Marsyas. There were many other fragments, chiefly portions of friezes, mingled with the other stones of the fortress. The entrance gate to the town from the sea bears a Greek inscription of some length. We discovered the arms of the Knights of St. John on the castle wall, showing that they also had once been in possession of this beautiful island.

October 16th.—Dr. M—— busily engaged daguerréotyping the bas-reliefs in the castle wall, whilst S—— and I took a sketch of the plane-tree; under which we found two ancient altars of white marble, ornamented with bulls' heads and garlands, and bearing inscriptions: that on the most perfect was as follows: †

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΥ
ΤΟΥ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΥ
ΜΑΓΝΗΤΟΣ.

After lunching on board, we rode into the country with the Consul, who had procured us horses, to see the fountain of Hippocrates, from which Cos is supplied with water. Outside of the town we passed through luxuriant orange and lemon plantations, the produce of which forms the chief exports of the island; the annual crop of lemons amounting generally from eighteen to twenty millions, that of the oranges to about

* "From Heracledutes, the son of Artemidorus, of Alexandria."—*Trans.*
† "From Appolonius, the son of Appolonius, of Magnesia."—*Trans.*

Gt. Plane Tree, Island of Cos
W. Allan

two. Here, for the first time, I saw the graceful date-bearing palm. After riding up some very steep hills for about an hour and a half, we arrived at the entrance to the fountain, under some fine plane-trees. We crept through the narrow doorway, and along a small low passage that conducted to the source in the

FOUNTAIN OF HIPPOCRATES, COS.

heart of the hill from which the water rises. It is in a lofty vaulted chamber, the sides lined with large finely-cut stone, the domed roof having but one small aperture at the top, which now admits light to the well below. The water may, however, have flowed through this opening formerly, on the closing up of the passage by which we entered, in the manner of an Artesian well. It is conducted to the town by a sort of aqueduct, or channel, covered with tile and stone. Our ride back occupied us till dusk, as we returned by a longer route, intending to visit the village of St. Nicholas (ancient Pillæ) to see various inscriptions which are to be found there; night, however, closing in, we were obliged to give up our purpose. In the evening we had a large party on board, the Consul coming to indulge in a few European luxuries, and bringing with him his adopted son, and a Catholic monk, who seemed equally fond of the good things of this life, and who wished us to give him a passage to Rhodes, where he is at the head of a monastery. We cheerfully agreed to take him if he would come off early in the morning, as we wished to cross over to Boodroom, a Turkish town occupying the site of the ancient Halicarnassus.

October 17th.—Awoke just after midnight by the shouts of the sailors, and our skipper calling upon us for assistance, as a storm was coming on, which would make the roadstead a lee-shore without any shelter. They had already attempted to get the schooner under weigh, at the same time as the other vessels left the anchorage; but our craft's head canted round the wrong way, and not having space to put her about, they had been obliged to bring up again close to the shore in a heavy ground swell, with sharp rocks close under her stern. We scrambled up to the deck, without waiting to put on any clothes. Our Ragusian captain was quite bewildered; and we were only enabled to get clear by our ordering the Genoese mate to carry out a kedge, and heave her further off by main strength, all hands toiling at the purchase-tackle. We were fortunate enough to get sail upon her as the day broke, when the gale set in with thunder and lightning, and we stood over to Boodroom, in Caria, leaving our Stanchio friends behind. Carrying but little sail, our vessel not having much beam, we battled with a heavy sea, and arrived at noon in the port of ancient Halicarnassus, the entrance to which, on account of the upper part of the mole being destroyed, is extremely dangerous. By good management and a sharp look out, we got in without a scrub, and anchored under the walls of the

castle. The quiet basin, in contrast with the raging sea outside, which had every moment threatened to overwhelm our little craft, was most agreeable; and although the rain fell in torrents, we comparatively enjoyed ourselves.

BODROOM, (ANCIENT HALICARNASSUS.)

October 18th.—Supporting an aqueduct in the town close to where we landed this morning, we saw several sacrificial altars, ornamented with rams' heads, and the heads of oxen decorated with garlands. A couple of Greek boys presented themselves as guides; and following them on a good road leading to the country, we passed into several gardens, wherein are generally found some of the most beautiful fragments disinterred in the course of cultivation. We met with several mutilated altars having the usual style of ornament,—*caput bovis* and garlands. Before coming to the ruins of a Doric temple, we passed through a farm-yard containing a mosaic pavement, with a number of half-finished Doric columns, bearing Greek characters, cut in a perpendicular manner on the several sides. The pillars, being all inverted, resembled the accompanying sketch.

TEMPLE OF MARS, HALICARNASSUS.

The remaining part of the colonnade of the Doric temple stands in a field, and consists of six unfinished pillars, much shattered, and presenting the appearance of having been partly completed by subsequent generations in a very rude and careless manner, many of the reedings and flutings being any thing but symmetrical. Besides these six, there are remains and foundations of several others in the same line.

The whole are considerably buried and loosened by earthquakes. Choiseul Gouffier supposed it to have been the temple of Mars, mentioned by Vitruvius.

Climbing to the top of the mountain overlooking the harbour, we found an immense number of tombs cut in the living rock, some in separate cells, others resembling family vaults: one of the latter measured fourteen feet by fourteen. Descending in a straight line from the tombs towards the port, we came across the theatre, which is of moderate size, and still contains a number of its original seats. The lower part, with the proscenium, has been converted into a garden, and planted with olive-trees. Not far distant from this spot, probably at one time familiar with the voice of Dionysius the historian, we found the beautiful remains of a

VOTIVE ALTAR, HALICARNASSUS.

votive altar, the sides ornamented with graceful figures in bas-relief, but with all the heads wanting. Our guides conducted us to a garden, in which was lying the body of a splendid statue of a female in white marble. The owner of the grounds, a Turk, had lately found it while digging. The drapery was of the most elegant workmanship, and if complete with the head, would form a piece of sculpture of great value.

My friends, not being so fatigued as myself, walked to the remains of the tomb of Mausolus, erected to his

BAS-RELIEFS, CASTLE OF BODDROOM.

memory by Artemisia his queen, B.C. 352, and which, for its grandeur and magnificence, was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was called 'mausoleum:' hence this name is often applied to funereal monuments. The bas-reliefs, which have been taken to the castle, formerly constituted part of the principal ornaments: nothing now remains but a fine plain Doric wall of square blocks of marble. Through the jealous prejudice of the Turks, we were unable to see the sculptures within the walls of the castle, and this being the chief inducement to our visit, we were naturally much disappointed. Report says they are quite equal to the Elgin marbles. A special firman from the Sultan is required to pass into the castle, which was built by the Knights of St. John about 1402, and in that style so often described by Sir Walter Scott in his novels. We met with the bas-reliefs in the preceding page, on the outer wall next the harbour, in rowing to the town.

October 19th.—Got under weigh, being obliged to warp out of the narrow entrance; crossed the gulf in a series of squalls, which carried us to within four miles of Cape Crio, where we wished to visit the ruins of Cnidus; the wind then suddenly lulled, soon fell entirely calm, with the sky lowering, and in ten minutes the clouds were of an inky blackness, accompanied with a steeping rain and a wind from a contrary direction, which took us back towards Boodroom. The wind, however, again changing, we once more altered our course, and the next morning found us on the shore of the Ceramicus Sinus, close to Cape Crio, which doubling soon afterwards, we entered one of the closed ports of the ancient Greek city of Cnidus, formed by a Dorian settlement from the Peloponnesus.

The beauty of the site of this ancient city vouches for its splendid appearance of old, when its white marble temples glistened in the sun, and its theatres were crowded with Cnidian citizens. This city was built on the sides of two steep hills opposite to each other; one on the main, the other forming part of the island, which, connected by an isthmus, formed two secure ports between: that on the north, now choked up with mud, was used as an arsenal, the grooves for the gates at the entrance being still visible; the other was secured by two transverse moles, constructed in deep water. The hill sides are formed into fine artificial terraces, on which were erected the private and public buildings; but the whole are now reduced to shapeless heaps of stone, with here and there a few columns, all the more precious fragments having been carried off within but a short time since by European collectors. Near to the isthmus is a small theatre, with a few white marble seats remaining. Half way up the terraces on the main, and overlooking the larger port, are the remains of a splendid Doric temple, immense fragments of columns being strewed around. Its situation must have been most commanding, looking down upon the lower town and port with its floating triremes, the Ægean sea outside, and the numerous islands in the distance. It may have been that dedicated to Venus. A little higher up we met with the remains of another building of the Ionic order, the corners of the pediment, with many fluted columns, still lying amongst the brushwood. At the very top of the city lie the remains of an immense theatre, 400 feet in diameter, one corner of the stone-work of which is the only portion that is now left. The blocks are of great size, measuring six to seven feet in height. A great number of red-legged partridges are found here, and appear to be the sole occupants of this now deserted spot. There are many cisterns perfectly dry and in good preservation, and from one little fountain the water is to be seen running as of yore.

At noon a gentle breeze wafted us out of the ancient port, whose waters we could not help thinking bore now a very different sort of vessel from the galleys of the ancient Grecian warriors, with their huge *rostra* and rows of ponderous oars. The wind continuing favourable, we set every sail, and in the evening were abreast of the island of Symi, at the entrance of the gulf of the same name, the ancient Doridis Sinus, about half way to Rhodes.

Rhodes
J. K. Allen

October 21st.—Having enjoyed the breeze all night, we soon caught sight of the low point of land covered with windmills, to the number of fifteen, and forming the western side of the port and arsenal of Rhodes. The entrance to the great harbour is particularly fine, and is defended by a square fort on each side, built by one of the Grand-masters; they are called St. John and St. Michael. A lofty tower, ornamented with turrets at each angle, and standing between the two ports, is called St. Nicholas, or the Arab's Tower. We passed close to it, and came to anchor about ten A. M. between an Austrian brig and an Arab vessel. The whole harbour and town is defended by fortifications, with bastions and turrets. Above the walls are seen the pointed minarets and domes of different mosques, with the tufted head of one or two palm-trees. In landing we passed into a small inner port, used by the caïques and small coasting craft. The entrance to the town is through a gothic gateway, ornamented with the heraldic insignia of various Grand-masters. A fine clean quay, paved with smooth round pebbles, conducts by the harbour towards the Arab's Tower, where, passing through several large gates with heavy drawbridges, we observed some massive pieces of ancient bronze cannon, wretchedly mounted by the Turks on clumsy wooden stands, and pointed towards the entrance of the arsenal, or port, of the Galley, which they are intended to command. In this second harbour, now nearly choked up, and having only sufficient water for vessels of small burthen, formerly stood the celebrated colossal statue of bronze dedicated to Apollo, one of the seven wonders, the feet resting upon two rocks nearly at the entrance of the harbour, and about fifty feet asunder. It is no fable that its immense height admitted of ships sailing between its legs. Fifty-six years after its erection it was thrown down by an earthquake, and after lying 900 years, till A. D. 672, Maowias, the sixth Caliph of the Saracens, sold the brass to a Jew, who loaded 900 camels with its remains. Within the walls of the arsenal, Turkish ships of war were formerly constructed.

We came to the outside of the city, inhabited by Greeks, Franks, and those not holding the Mahomedan faith, every one but Moslems being required to quit the fortified city at sunset. Our first walk in Rhodes was to the house of our nation's representative, Mr. Wilkinson, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and around whom are congregated the houses of the other Consuls, with their masts and colours in brilliant array. On our way up we passed a small burial-ground,—the resting-place of numerous Pashas, whose tombs were covered with a curious domed building open at the four sides, and of a particularly light and pleasing construction. At the upper part of the town outside the gates, we crossed the spot where the English cavalry were picketed just before the defence of Acre by Sir Sidney Smith. Within the walls, at the top of the Strada dei Cavalieri, stands the old cathedral church of St. John, now converted into a mosque, its highly ornamental marble columns covered with whitewash, and the curiously carved doors falling to pieces. At the upper end, outside the building, stands an ancient Greek votive altar, many of which we afterwards saw, in the course of our peregrinations through the town, placed by the side of doorways, and used merely as stepping-stones. The Knight's street is straight, and, before the Turks had possession, was well paved with fine square blocks of stone, which have since been exchanged for the round pebbles of the island. The houses are principally of two stories, and of substantial construction, many considerably ornamented, and decorated with the armorial bearings of the different knights who formerly inhabited them. The fortifications consisted of treble walls and a dyke, with the entrances protected both by drawbridge and portcullis, with the other appurtenances peculiar to the system of defence adopted in the days of the cross-bow. They are now crumbling to pieces for want of repair, the Turks doing nothing towards their preservation. The houses and streets that formerly sent forth the brilliant and joyful pageants of the gay knights, are now only tenanted by a few indolent natives, who pass the whole day in smoking their chibooks, sipping coffee, and counting their beads whilst invoking

the blessing of Allah and his holy Prophet. The shops in the bazaar are very wretched, chiefly kept by Greeks and Jews, who leave them in the evening to pass the night outside the town. Rhodes is the chief depôt for sponges, the fisheries for which are carried on in the neighbouring islands. In the evening a grey-bearded Jew, dragoman to our Consul, came off to show us some of the old coins of the knights for sale. He had both silver and copper: on the reverse was a rose (ῥόδος), from which the name of the island has probably been derived.

Expecting some of our former companions to join us by the Beyrout steamer, that touches here on the way down, we remained the following day, making a boat excursion to Cape Molinos. October 23rd.—The Syrian steamer arrived early this morning; but a Pasha, with his harem, having taken the whole of the cabin, our friends were unable to come down in her. We received a note stating they would join us at Alexandria, which determined our friend S——— to ride up to Smyrna from Marmorice, and endeavour to meet them before leaving. We did not get under weigh immediately, as we had engaged horses to take us a short distance into the country to see the Passeggiata dei Cavalieri, a fine piece of road, leading through rocks and a fertile country along the sea-shore to the westward, used by the knights for equestrian exercise. It is so well constructed that any European carriage might travel on it, and is probably the only one in the Turkish empire. The whole line of road is highly picturesque; sometimes passing through huge masses of rock, at others crossing verdant plains covered with the olive, pomegranate, oleander, and other Levantine trees: in some parts it is paved with the white pebble before mentioned. On the road-side are arched recesses at intervals, affording water and shade to the weary traveller. We rode as far as a house and farming establishment, conducted after European fashion, and evidently in a very prosperous state; then retracing our steps, we got under weigh at three o'clock P. M., and stood over to the Bay of Marmorice, which we entered to the west of the lofty peninsula, shutting in the harbour. There is an apparent entrance to the east; but it is a false one, a low sandy isthmus connecting the peninsula with the main.

The town of Marmorice, close to which we anchored, is on the other side of the bay, about three miles from the entrance. S—— and his servant were able to procure horses immediately, but the surgees would not leave till sunset, as it was now Ramazan, the fast of the Turks, who during that time neither work, eat, drink, nor smoke between the hours of sunrise and sunset. Marmorice (the ancient Physcus), through which we slowly walked, is built round a pile of rocks running into the sea, and joined to the mountains behind by a low marsh; the houses are built on the side of this cone, similar to those at Syra, the summit rising

MARMORICE.

above the dwellings in a most singular and picturesque manner. A great number of lively goats frisk about from one pinnacle to another, surveying the whole town beneath their feet with a proud and commanding glance. The castle, apparently of Genoese construction, is built on the sea-side of the rock, and is now falling

rapidly to decay. There are a few singular bronze and iron guns tottering from their rude carriages, and so injured by time, that their touch-holes have become as large as the circumference of a shilling. Towards the verdant plain to the west we passed the only mosque of the village, near to which, at a small fountain, we found the principal Turks of Marmorice washing their hands, faces, and feet, preparatory to breaking their fast. Beyond this we entered the gardens bordering the plain, rich with the lemon, quince, fig, cactus indicus, vine, and olive. Since coming south of the Meander, we have found the verdure and fertility increase daily, and at this place the grass and herbs have that brilliant green peculiar to our own soil. We regained our yacht as the Turks finished their prayers, and were rejoicing, feasting, and playing on musical instruments, whose clamorous revelry we heard distinctly for hours.

October 25th.—Got under weigh, but were soon driven back by a tremendous squall, that tore up the water into one entire foam. The weather had been very sultry and threatening all night. The sky darkened, the rain poured down in a deluge; the lightning flashed intensely vivid, and the thunder pealed, echoing amongst the lofty mountains with appalling force.

> ——— "Far along
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leapt the wild thunder, not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain soon had found a tongue."

On the weather clearing up a little, we had a visit from three Turkish captains of caïques, who, attracted by the smart appearance of our vessel, wished to be allowed to look at her. On coming into the cabin they were delighted, like so many savages, at the sight of our watches, telescopes, fowling-pieces, and other European inventions; but that which caused them the most astonishment was, the price the different objects had cost their owners. The caïques they commanded are large decked vessels of about thirty tons, having great beam with sharp ends, and a short stout mast supporting an immense sprit, from which, on a rope extending from the extremity to the head of the mast, traverses a large sail, swelling into a huge bag-like form when full. It is easily set and as easily stowed; a rig particularly well adapted to the squally seas of the Archipelago. These vessels are chiefly employed in conveying firewood to the neighbouring islands of the Sporades. In the evening it so far cleared up, that we were induced again to try to get out; but in beating out of the narrow passage, we were overtaken by another hurricane that drove us impetuously before it, forcing us ignominiously to return a second time to our old anchorage.

October 28th.—A fine breeze right aft brought us off the large neighbouring port of Karagatch before dark. October 29th.—Off the entrance of the Gulf of Macry at day-break, where we lay listlessly for some hours becalmed, close to the small island of Pacsimari, at the western side of its entrance. There were several Greek brigs near us, which were now trying to get out, after having been detained by the late southerly gales; but unfortunately they were again doomed to return, for, after rolling about like ourselves the greater part of the day, a breeze sprung up from the south, accompanied by black thunder-clouds, that carried us into the gulf right before it, while they passed through the contracted channel called Assassin's Strait, into the Gulf of Scopea.

On coming to the narrow entrance of the harbour of Macry, we were becalmed under the lee of the high land; and as there appeared very little chance of any wind again reaching us, we got out our sweeps and pulled gradually into the magnificent basin of the ancient city of Telmessus, whose placid waters were splendidly illuminated by the full moon, which, since we had commenced rowing, had broken out through the banks of clouds and favoured our exertions, enabling us to come to anchor before midnight about one mile from the shore.

At a small mole, to which were moored a schooner and a number of caïques, we found the Sanita, where on showing our papers, we were at once allowed to land. On a part of the shore to the west of the village, covered with oleander, we saw the remains of the theatre in good preservation, most of the seats being still

THEATRE, TELMESSUS.

complete, although much overgrown with brushwood. The three entrances to the proscenium are also standing. The openings to the diazoma for the common people, in the upper part of the theatre, still preserve their arched ways, but have been much shaken by earthquakes. There were twenty-eight rows of seats, fifteen above and thirteen below the diazoma; the diameter being 254 feet. Many excavations are found close to it, hollowed into the rock on a lofty terrace, and commanding a fine view of the port.

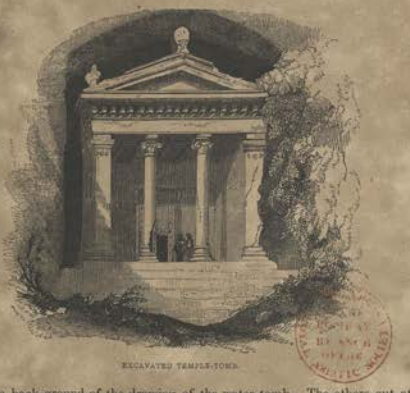
Taking our boat, we rowed to the other side of the village to a tomb standing in the sea, and nearly surrounded by morass, the reeds and rushes obscuring it from view, except to those approaching it from seaward. It is composed of but two immense blocks of stone; the lower square, with ends cut to resemble panels, the upper forming a roof in shape like an inverted boat, the sides of the keel being ornamented with bas-reliefs, now considerably weather-worn. The sanctity of the grave had long since been violated, and the ashes of the dead scattered to the winds. About half a mile from the village are other tombs, both isolated

TOMBS, TELMESSUS.

J. R. Allan Tomb at Telmessus Lycia

and in groupes, cut in the solid rocks and cliffs. The road leads along the edge of the marsh, and by the foot of the steep to the right, passing several remains of solid Doric walls.

The Acropolis, on which stands a castle of Genoese construction, is a conical hill overlooking the site of Telmessus. A ridge of rocks at a little distance has several keel-shaped tombs on it, with others hollowed out; three of the latter, abreast of each other, were finished with highly-wrought mouldings, and a handsome cornice over the entrance; within, the three sides had ledges, on which the bodies were placed. Another tomb had its side ornamented with a bas-relief. On the cliffs at the other side of the ravine, bordering the extensive and fertile plain leading to the interior, towards Xanthus, we found the whole face of the rock hollowed out into tombs of different sizes and forms. Three of the largest are cut to resemble temples, having in front two columns and two pilasters of the Ionic order. The one highest up, and the most interesting, is the subject of the wood-cut.



EXCAVATED TEMPLE-TOMB.

It is also seen in the back-ground of the drawing of the water-tomb. The others cut at the foot of the hill are smaller, and bear a close resemblance to the windows of the Elizabethan style of architecture, as represented in the next engraving. In the plains at the foot of this highly interesting rock are numerous other tombs, all evidently Doric, many having sloping roofs, terminating at the corners with the semi-circular ornament peculiar to that order. We were so pleased with Lycia, that we made up our minds to remain a day or two M—— to ride to Xanthus, and I, unable yet to bear horse-exercise, to amuse myself in sketching.

October 31st.—My companion started for a seven hours' ride, his cavalcade consisting of four horses,—one for himself, another for the captain, a third for the surgeo, and the last for the daguerréotype; following them out of the village, I and a sailor passed the day amongst the tombs; the Sicilian amusing himself with the partridges, I with my pencil. Our return was accompanied by a train of nearly one hundred camels, bringing corn from the interior: every ten were divided off, and led by a donkey. Some of these awkward but useful animals had hair upwards of twelve inches in length.

November 2nd.—On the return of the equestrians we got under weigh at once, and beat out through the

WINDOW TOMB, TELMESSUS.

narrow entrance to the harbour in a heavy squall; and before the sun had sunk below the horizon, were quite clear of the gulf of Glaucus Sinus of the ancients. November 3rd.—Again off Rhodes, as we wished to see Lindo, the second town of the island and near the site of the ancient Lindus, having formerly a temple dedicated to Minerva. We stood to the southward, passing a lofty mountain called Monte Madonna, with a

MONTE MADONNA, RHODES.

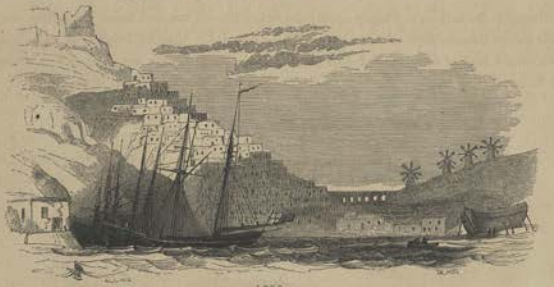
convent on its extreme summit. We made the Bay of Lindo, but our charts being incorrect, we landed by mistake at St. Nicholas,—a picturesque little village, built at the edge of a fine deep-water port, and commanded by a handsome castle surmounted by a graceful palm-tree, seen for miles around. Not wishing to remain in the bay after nightfall, we sailed to the north with a southerly wind.

November 4th.—After passing the town of Rhodes in the night, we fell in with the Austrian schooner of war *Aurora*, off the island of Piscopi, with whom we kept up an exciting race right before a strong gale till we reached Cape Crio, when we were obliged to haul upon a wind to run between the entrance of the Gulf of Boodroom and Stanchio; and as the weather "came on tempestuous" we shortened sail, our competitor proving to be the better hard-weather boat. In company with several Turkish merchant brigs we

put into Port Bitch, a safe harbour to the west of Boodroom, and used by the shipping of Stanchio during south-easterly gales. We had scarcely got properly moored and the sails stowed, when the whole heavens seemed rent asunder, the rain coming down in overwhelming torrents, and the lightning playing round us in the most dazzling manner, leaving us in utter darkness as the thunder boomed over our heads.

November 5th.—During a lull in the storm we beat up past Cos, and the Pasha's islands; but through adverse weather, were again obliged to bring up in a small bay, close to which is the hamlet of Kati-kalessi, shaded by large plane-trees, and distant about an hour from the village of Kara-baghla. There are no ruins here more ancient than the foundations of a Turkish fortress, left uncompleted.

November 6th.—Strong breeze from the northward: got under weigh and stood over to the westward, close hauled. Our little craft being very weatherly, we were able to pass the island of Calymnos, famous for its sponge fisheries, but without a port. We expected to pass the northern point of Lero and make Patmos, an island we were very desirous of visiting; but the wind again increased to a gale so heavy, that it was as much as the schooner could do to live in it. We therefore kept her away for the port on which the town of Lero is built, and soon rounded the high rocky mount crowned with a Genoese castle overlooking the dwellings below, and came to anchor behind the little mole.



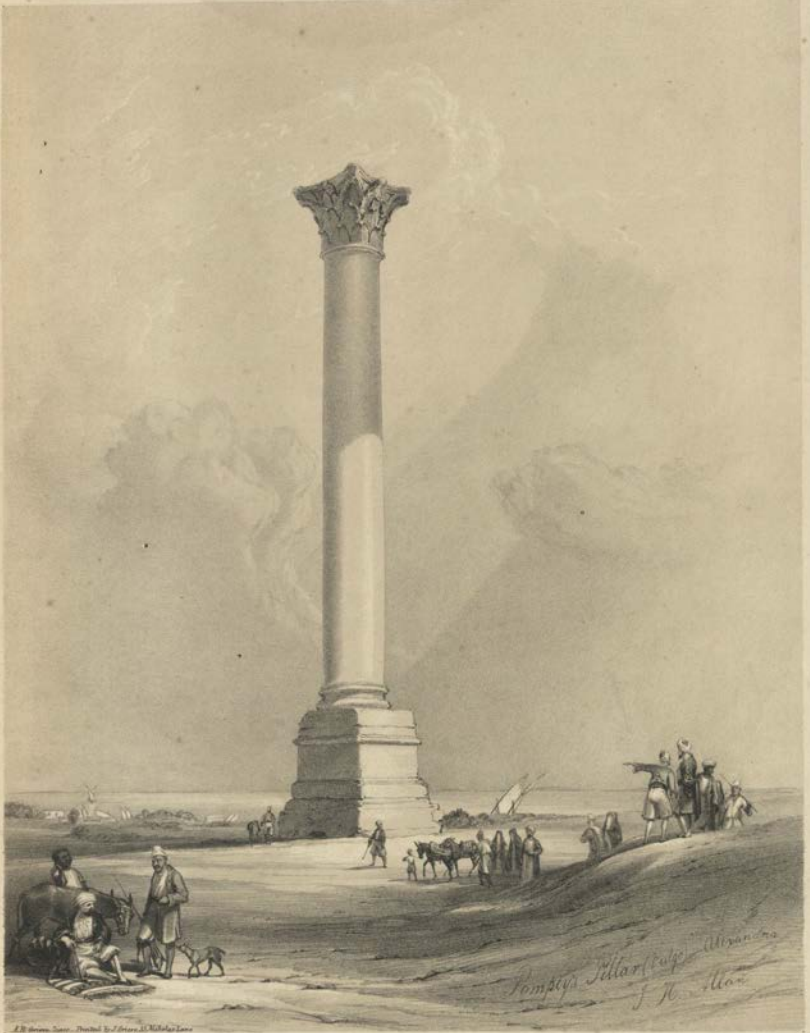
LERO.

The houses are built in the same manner as those we saw at Marmorice, not exceeding two stories, and with flat roofs. The streets are exceedingly crooked, narrow, and dirty, with here and there large pieces of rock rising up in the midst of them. The chief rendezvous of the inhabitants is almost at the top of the village, near a fountain under a large plane-tree, commanding a fine view of the sea, and a port on the other side of the peninsula, on which the town is built; the isthmus is surmounted by an aqueduct on a double row of arches, and many windmills. Having heard that there were ruins of an ancient building on the other side of the island, we engaged horses through a Greek, who came to consult Dr. M—— respecting his eyes, being almost blind. Our ride lay over rugged hills partly cultivated with the cotton plant, the fig and olive-tree. The valleys, formed into gardens, appeared exceedingly fruitful, and, as a second spring was now coming on, were of a fine green. A garden belonging to the monks of the convent at Patmos was particularly verdant, and planted with lemon and palm-trees. We saw none but old olive-trees, new ones having evidently not been planted during the last century. We found the ruins on the south side of the island consisted of a few walls of a Genoese fortress, erected upon the remains of a Doric building of some

magnitude, the foundations being formed of large finely hewn stone. Between this and Calymnos is a fine port, sheltered from all winds; in fact, this island may boast of more harbours than any other in the Archipelago, as we passed several on our ride. Two hours were occupied in returning. On again reaching the town we found all the inhabitants assembled near the fountain, dressed in the best of their picturesque costume, it being Sunday. The women appeared to us particularly handsome; they were attired in the loose rich flowing oriental robe, and, as they were nearly all Greeks, without the jealous covering the Mahomedans compel their females to wear over their faces. The men have neat white stockings, made here and at Patmos, both celebrated for the manufacture, with large blue bag trowsers, a handsome silk sash of many colours, a tightly-fitting embroidered jacket, and a fez, or red cap, with a long blue tassel hanging over the shoulder.

November 9th.—We beat round Lero, and made Patmos at ten o'clock P. M., too late to land: continued our course to Syra, where we wished to catch the French steamer for Alexandria. Off the island of Nicaria (the ancient Icaros), at midnight. As soon as we had lost its protecting shelter, and were on the borders of the Icarian sea, the wind became so furious that we were continually thrown almost on our beam ends. Before day dawned we were no longer able to remain below, as the vessel was nearly smothered with the heavy seas she shipped. We battened every thing down, and congregated aft as the only dry spot. We soon, however, had need for all our energies. Through the violent motion the light vessel was straining so much, as to have her cabin floating several inches deep in water; cushions, pillows, books, and charts all in confusion, washing and tumbling about with every lurch of the vessel. The pump and three buckets could scarcely keep the leak from gaining on us. About nine o'clock A. M. we got shelter under the lee of the island of Myconi, and ran to the south in smooth water, passing the islands of the Great and Little Delos, now uninhabited. Having reached the southernmost point, we once more hauled upon a wind to cross over to Syra, and were soon buried in foam, the whole fore-part of our gallant craft, bowsprit, jib-boom and all, being frequently under water. The seas were very short and high, so that she had scarcely time to recover from one, when another followed and again threw her on her beam-ends. After about two hours of this sufficiently uncomfortable pastime, we were able to enter the port of Syra and find shelter from the hurricane, where, almost water-logged, we let go our anchor amongst the French and Austrian steamers.

YACHT "AMERICA," OFF SYRA.


Pompey's Pillar Alexandria
J. M. Allan

ALEXANDRIA.

CHAPTER IV.

ALEXANDRIA—POMPEY'S PILLAR—CAIRO—BENI-SOUEF—MINYEH—MANFALOUT—KARNAK—LUQSOR—ASSOUAN—FIRST CATARACTS, NUBIA—TEFFA—KALABSHEH—KOROSKO—FARASS.

We left Syra in the *Tancrède*, without seeing any thing beyond the exterior of the town, as we were in quarantine from Turkey. Progressing southerly with a fair wind, at the rate of ten to eleven knots, we passed the mountains of Candia the evening after our departure. A fellow-passenger, a rich Persian gentleman, caused us some amusement by the excessive delight he manifested in exhibiting a tea-service of beautiful porcelain. He was so desirous of pleasing us, that he ordered his servants to unpack a magnificently written extract from the Koran, which he was about taking to the tomb of the Prophet. His suite was composed of a dervish or priest, a poet, a scribe, a teller of tales, a cook, and two or three less imposing attendants.

Sunday, November 14th.—Daybreak found us close to the modern capital of Egypt, outside the low line of breakers that extend from the Pharos point across the harbour. The appearance of Alexandria from the sea is unprepossessing, owing to its want of elevation; very little being visible but a low sandy beach, with a plain palace of the Pasha standing at the end of the neck of land, between the old and new harbours. Having received our pilot, we steamed in amongst Mehemet Ali's fleet, and anchored close to the French frigate *Cornaline*. On landing, we were immediately assailed by a mob of Arab donkey-men, who, *nolens volens*, placed us upon their beasts' backs. These poor animals go at a fair pace, but are not always sure footed, as our friend Dr. M—— found to his cost, while he was passing through one of the filthiest streets; his charger suddenly falling down, and rolling him over into the mud. We found excellent accommodation at the Hôtel de l'Orient, in the large square, kept by a Frenchman, where we found two of our quondam companions, the others having gone on to Cairo and Upper Egypt.

Diocletian's Column (*vulgo*, Pompey's Pillar) was the object of our first visit. We were particularly struck with the beautiful proportions of the shaft; the Corinthian capital, however, is very inferior, and of a much later date. The whole height, including pedestal and capital, is 112 feet. The shaft is one block of porphyry, but much defaced by names of European (and especially English) visitors, smeared over its beautifully cut surface in black paint or tar. From the ground on which the column stands there is an excellent view of Lake Mareotis,—the Mahmoudieh canal passing close between.

Riding through the mounds of rubbish covering the ruins of the ancient city, we passed the body of a negro who had just expired; with merely his sash unrolled and cast over him, he was hastily being conveyed by a porter or two to his last resting-place, to be at once thrown into so shallow a grave, that the legs and hands often protrude. Our dirty boys, with their eyes and nostrils full of odious flies, made the little donkeys

scramble with us through the heaps of dust, from which are ransacked the stones of the old city to serve for the construction of the new. We every now and then observed huge granite columns lying half buried, evidently laid aside as too large and massive to answer for any modern Egyptian building. Cleopatra's Needle we found amongst heaps of ruins and rubbish, in a very secluded spot of the city. This and its prostrate companion are said to have been brought from Memphis, to adorn the palace of the Ptolemies. The Pasha's palace, on a nearer inspection, we still found to be without ornament. Being close to the water's edge, it must be delightful during the summer heats, affording his Highness, as it does, a commanding view of the port containing his fleet. Returning to the grand square of the Frank quarter, we passed through a dirty and miserable bazaar, in the greater part of which the shops were closed, it being the feast of Buyram, the three days' rejoicing amongst the Mahomedans after the fast of Ramazan. One part of the city we found entirely blocked up with people, who were enjoying amusements similar to our fairs; swings and turn-overs being numerous, and dancing boys and girls apparently taking the place of our theatres. The favourite refreshments seemed to be pilau, kabobs, or little bits of roasted meat on skewers, water-melons, dates, and youourt, or curds. Very few slaves were in the market appropriated to them near the bazaar, and these were mostly boys and girls, all in a state of nudity. Their little woolly heads were matted into minute rows of twists, like spun-yarn ends, and divided in the centre, where it was thickly smeared over with grease.

November 20th.—Engaged till to-day making preparations for a voyage up the Nile. By the assistance of a friend resident in this city, I procured an Arab servant named Arfah at twelve dollars a-month, who could make himself tolerably well understood in Italian, and also professed to speak French, after his own fashion. He was to act both as interpreter and cook. Making a party shortly after day-break, we had our luggage conveyed to the Mahmoudieh on camels' backs, ourselves riding on donkeys. Giovanni, H——'s Maltese servant, had already engaged two boats,—one for our own use, the other for the baggage; and after hoisting our English ensign to protect us from having the boats impressed for the conveyance of the Pasha's grain, we spread our large lateen sail, and ran swiftly before a fine breeze. The first part, however, winding considerably, was of difficult navigation, forcing us to tack, track, and pole every two or three minutes. Once past Pompey's Pillar and clear of the city, the difficulties ceased, and we progressed rapidly, accomplishing the whole distance, sixty miles, by eight o'clock in the evening. The Hôtel de Mahmoudieh furnished us with accommodation for the night. It is in the village of Atfeh, at the junction of the canal with the Nile.

November 21st.—Engaged a more capacious boat, and embarked on the waters of the "eternal river," now discoloured and of a reddish brown from the soil it brings down from Abyssinia. A strong northerly wind blowing, we glided swiftly forward against the opposing current at the rate of five knots. The town of Fouah,

FOUAH.

on the eastern bank, with its numerous minarets, looked pretty amongst the palm-trees. The shore on each side is low and reedy. The edge of the ground, being broken away in many places, showed the strata of fat

loamy soil, deposited annually at the period of inundation. The only break to the monotonous appearance was occasionally a small village of mud huts; the chief beauty of which consisted in the lofty palms whose feathery heads overhung the miserable hovels. As soon as the sun went down the wind fell, and the sailors tracked along the shore until we turned in for the night, when they at once gave up their arduous work and followed our example, making the boat fast to the bank. On the fourth day from Alexandria, the sun illuminated the pyramids to our anxious gaze. Our eyes were rivetted on them with kindling enthusiasm, as the objects which, when quitting our native shores, we had been most desirous to behold. Our curiosity was now gratified, but our overwrought anticipations as to their grandeur and magnitude were much disappointed; a common case, where the imagination has been previously excited.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Boulac, the port of Cairo, where we were immediately furnished with fine sleek donkeys, and at once galloped off to Cairo, distant about a mile and a half; our Arab attendants breaking a way for us through the dirty throng of camels, donkeys, and almost naked men, women, and children that crowd the landing-place. We passed through the narrow streets of Boulac, and close to one or two mosques of handsome architecture, and came to the elevated straight road recently constructed by the Pasha, leading direct from the Nile to the former capital. Each side is ornamented by a row of thriving acacia-trees, and at two different spots are cisterns of water for the thirsting man or beast. At the bottom of a narrow dark lane we found Hill's *Great Eastern Hotel*, in which we had some difficulty to secure accommodation, as it was already nearly filled by overland travellers, lately arrived by the *Oriental* on their way to India. We were long detained for a boat, none being procurable for the continuation of our voyage, another party having 'bid over our heads' for the one that brought us from Atfeh.

A visit to the mad-house presented us with a scene, which for loathsomeness and horror in itself, and as displaying the most barbarous ignorance in a social community, is perhaps without parallel upon the face of the earth. In a square enclosure, close to a large and very handsome mosque, were arranged iron-grated dens, in which were fastened thirty human beings by ponderous iron chains round their necks. These dungeons were dark, filthy, narrow, and offensive, in themselves sufficient to overthrow reason in the most sane. The sufferers were nearly all entirely naked. They have no medical attendance, and we were informed that the only attempt made to restore the unhappy lunatics is by administering a broth made of snakes. At the time of our visit to this hideous place, the poor creatures were about receiving their scanty meal. A man with one or two Arab cakes of bad bread approached the cells, and tearing off a piece for each inmate, threw it contemptuously from him, as if supplying the wants of so many wild beasts. Many held out little bits of pipes, and begged for tobacco. A collection of baboons would have met with less barbarous treatment than was shown to these afflicted outcasts of humanity.

A climb to the citadel amply repaid us for the trouble, by the extensive view which it affords. It is built on a range of rocks attached to the Arabian chain of mountains called Mokattam. Here the Pasha has constructed a palace furnished in European fashion, together with a mosque of fine and beautiful alabaster, close to several large granite columns that formerly constituted part of the building known by the name of Joseph's Hall. Near the spot where the unfortunate Mamelukes were slain, are some ruined batteries, (mounting a few honey-combed and half-dismounted ship and field-guns,) from which is to be obtained a most commanding view of the valley of the Nile, the desert, nine pyramids, and, close at the foot, the city of Cairo. It is certainly one of the most striking prospects imaginable: the ever-fruitful stream, whose various sources have been hitherto but partially traced, supplies nourishment to a narrow strip of most verdant soil, through which it winds its silvery course as far as the eye can penetrate; beyond is the

dreadful desert, whose scorching sands, with undulating surface are seen extending to the extreme horizon, and from which rise, like hoary spectres, the massy pyramids,—ancient sepulchres of the royal dead. In the citadel is Joseph's Well, cut through the solid rock, and as this is the only source from which the garrison could be supplied in case of siege, attention is paid to keeping it in repair. The water is raised to the surface by two sets of oxen, one at the top, the other half-way down, who turn an endless rope, on which are strung earthern pots that empty their contents into a cistern on reaching the top. The water is generally reported to be brackish; but on tasting we did not find it so. The large mosque of Sultan Hassan is at the foot of the citadel: the entrance is both lofty and handsome, and is elaborately ornamented with arabesque carving. The interior differs from that of other mosques by being open, without a roof, and containing a large marble fountain in the centre, for the ablution of those about to pray.

It was not till the 29th that we obtained a boat for our ascent. My man, Arfah, going to Boulac in the morning, found a party of dervishes just arrived from Fouah; and thinking their boat particularly eligible for our purpose, at once rode back and informed us. We soon struck a bargain with the reis for 2000 piastres a-month, and as she had two cabins, H—— and myself agreed to sail together; whilst S—— and L——, equally fortunate to-day in procuring a good boat, formed a second party. We had her thoroughly washed out, and several alterations made in the internal arrangements, and rode down several times to inspect the cleansing,—a very necessary precaution after such passengers and men as it had recently contained.

December 1st.—At 4 o'clock P.M. we were once more floating on the waters of the Nile, and the wind being strong and favourable, we flew before it immediately our moorings were cast off. We passed in succession the island of Shoubrah, Old Cairo, Ghizeh, with the pyramids in the back-ground; and with our friends' boat in company, we continued under sail the greater part of the night. The following day we passed the pyramids of Abousir, Sakkarah, and Dahshour. The banks of the river were thickly planted with palm groves, and studded with numerous villages, the houses composing them being built of the usual material,—mud and palm branches; these two substances, indeed, seem to enter largely into the construction of every thing in Egypt,—houses, kitchen utensils, wash-streaks to their boats, and caulking for the joints, being composed of the former; whilst of the latter are made ropes, baskets, boxes, hencoops, &c., in fact every thing to which wood is applicable. On the 3rd, the morning broke with a thick fog, which in a few hours cleared up before a southerly, and to us contrary wind, that compelled us to take to the tow-rope, and track the boat from the banks. Our dinner received an addition from the nets of Arabs, who furnished us with a magnificent fish called by the natives *beyat*. Arfah grilled it in slices, and we all acknowledged never to have tasted a more excellent specimen of the finny tribe. In the course of the following day we passed the False Pyramid, so called from its being partly formed by nature and partly by art: the small artificial top is built on

FALSE PYRAMID.

a large rising rock, that from a distance gives the whole an appearance of great magnitude. This is the last pyramid seen in Lower Egypt when sailing up the Nile.

December 5th.—In the evening arrived at Beni-souef by dint of hard towing, having experienced much difficulty in extricating ourselves from shoals that lay near the shore. At noon we took the ground, when the current setting violently against us, carried the boat broadside on to a low mud-bank, fixing us there hard and fast; and it was not till after much difficulty and labour, our naked sailors working up to their knees in mud, and exerting their besmeared forms to the utmost under the boat's bottom, that they succeeded in lifting her off. A very strong southerly wind, bringing with it quantities of fine sand from the desert, detained us here the whole of the next day, much against our inclination, as the place is miserable in the extreme. It is here that travellers generally procure conveyance to the Fayoum, when proceeding in search of the Labyrinth mentioned by Herodotus, near the celebrated Lake Mœris. December 7th.—Desirous of pushing on, we ordered the sailors to resume the tow-rope, but had not progressed far, when the south wind redoubled in violence, compelling us at once to make fast to a low sand-bank, off which, and from the neighbouring desert, flew such suffocating clouds of fine sand, that the sailors were obliged to cover themselves over with their camel-hair cloaks, and lay down with their faces to the deck. Our little cabin, although provided with glass windows, blinds, and a canvas over all, was not sufficient to protect us, as the sand penetrated in such quantities that it was impossible to read or write, the letters being almost immediately covered over with a thick layer. When the sun went down the storm abated, and we had plenty of work in clearing up, as the books, guns, telescopes, &c. were completely clogged with the searching particles. At a small village, where we made fast our boat to give the men leisure for their supper, we had a striking specimen of the Egyptian task-master. A man, armed with a formidable whip of hippopotamus hide, drove a herd of naked boys and girls before him, who were employed in removing rubbish in baskets which they carried on their heads. The poor little creatures every now and then received a stroke from the murderous thong, sufficient almost to cut their bodies asunder, and in order to avoid a second blow, they ran staggering under their loads without uttering a cry.

Calms and towing tried our patience sadly during the next four days, when our reis caused us further annoyance by frequently attempting to make fast, after completing little more than a dozen miles. On one occasion we argued the point with him, when, it appearing that he wished to have all the authority, we insisted on his proceeding; but as he still remained obstinate, and the men leisurely sat down round their evening mess of bread and millet-seed, my companion became so incensed that he had recourse to blows, and then pouncing down upon the savoury supper, snatched it from amongst them, and tossed it to Father Nile. Contrary, however, to our expectations of thus forcing them to track us a little farther, the whole crew gathered up their few rags and marched off into the country, leaving us to our own contemplations, and to recover our temper. They remained away all night, but in the morning they came alongside again: as, however, we still appeared inclined to make them work a good *twelve* hours out of the twenty-four, they once more took themselves off, leaving us only the reis, steersman, and two boys, all of whom, except the pilot, we sent on shore to tow, the captain groaning much at his fallen dignity. In an hour we came to a village, from which we were hailed by a man, who seemed from his dress to be "one having authority," and it proved to be the Sheik-el-Beled, governor of the village, bringing with him our runaways. He was very angry with our reis, and demanded the reason of his leaving them behind, as no one was allowed to land without some plausible reason, which the men had been unable to give. When, however, he heard from our servants the real state of affairs, he at once ordered them on board under pain of receiving the bastinado, the

fear of which immediately brought them back to the tow-rope, at which they laboured manfully all day, pulling the boat against the stream, frequently from mud-banks, into which they sank up to their middle, and were obliged sometimes to grope along like worms. It was a truly humiliating sight: no wonder they did not like the work, but what were we to do?

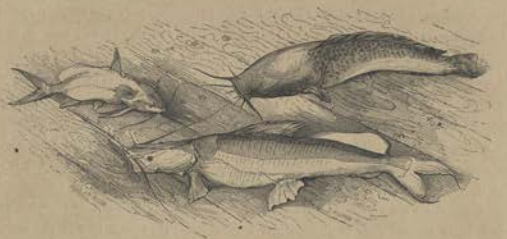
December 12th.—Sunday evening, arrived at the town of Minyeh (ancient Cynopolis), picturesquely built on the western bank of the Nile; the houses, although constructed of the usual material, mud and sun-burnt bricks, have a neater and more pleasing appearance than the generality of the villages we had hitherto seen, owing, perhaps, to a certain regularity, and to some of them being whitewashed. Our *cand'gia* (the native term for the description of boat we had hired) was moored off a neat and prettily situated little coffee-house near a mosque, a portion of the side-wall of which had fallen into the stream, exposing the interior supported by marble columns, the capitals of which appeared to be of nearly every order of architecture; the centre open to the air, with a large tree, filled with rooks and hawks, growing in the middle of the court.

MINYEH.

Baking fresh bread occupied part of Monday morning; but a fresh breeze from the north springing up, we hurried the bakers, and were soon bowling along under both lateen sails, passing several islands on which were mud-built villages, almost concealed from view by the numerous and thickly planted palm-groves. In the Arabian chain of rocky mountains, that here come close up to the eastern bank, we saw several excavations, and towards evening were off those of Beni-Hassan. We intended to have landed, but the reis stuck us fast on a swampy island abounding with pelicans, herons, wild-duck, &c. By the time we got off, it was too dark for a visit. Contrary to our usual custom, we anchored in the middle of the stream for the night, our crew to a man declaring the place was infested with Bedouin robbers.

December 15th.—Weather calm and sultry, men towing, ourselves on a ramble on shore with our guns, to add a duck or two to our table. About noon we met the Pasha, coming down the river from Siout, with two small steamers of English construction. They shot swiftly past us, and were soon out of sight, having the current in their favour. Almost at the same moment we passed the entrance to the Bahr-Yussouf, or Joseph's River, a canal 120 miles in length, connecting the Nile with the valley of Fayoum, which it irrigates, at the

same time carrying off a considerable quantity of its superabundant waters during the period of inundation. The mouth of this useful undertaking we found almost blocked up with sand-banks, and it was, to all appearance, falling to decay for want of proper attention. The sky to-day was at times quite darkened with the thousands upon thousands of wild-ducks and geese, winging their way to Egypt to avoid the severity of winter in the higher latitudes. With a light favourable wind we arrived next day at the town of Manfalout, where we laid in a fresh stock of provisions; amongst other things a goat, to supply us with milk. We also obtained a young kid for dinner. Another day's sail and we past Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, situated about a mile and a half from the river's western bank. Since leaving Manfalout we had entered the Said, or Upper Egypt; the part between Manfalout and Cairo being called Vostani, or Central Egypt, and below the ancient capital of the Pashalic to the shores of the Mediterranean, Bahari, comprising Lower Egypt and the Delta. A fisherman's boat that came alongside, furnished our table with some excellent fish. Besides the *beyat*, represented as nearest in the sketch, were two others, the larger called by our sailors *armuth*; the smallest was armed with three sharp bony fins, which it is reported to use with dangerous effect to those unguardedly handling it.



NILE FISH.

A walk on the western bank brought us through a village, whose houses could not boast of a single roof; the walls were merely constructed of reeds besmeared with mud, and containing but one apartment about twelve feet square, in which as many persons of different sexes were huddled together. At this part of the Nile both the Lybian and Arabian mountains press closely on each side of the stream, leaving but a narrow fertile strip on each bank, which, by its verdant appearance, contrasts strikingly with the barren and dreary-looking rocks and desert behind.

December 18th.—We sailed past Gau-el-Kebir at noon; it is near the site of the ancient Antæopolis, where a few years since stood the remains of a splendid temple, which by degrees became undermined by the waters of the Nile, and was carried away in 1819, during an unusually high inundation. The wind was very light, but as the moon rose above the Arabian mountains it increased in strength, and while we approached the sandstone cliffs of Djebel Heredi, we skimmed swiftly over the rippling waters. Enjoying the steady cool breeze, we continued on deck, sweeping past the foot of the lofty mountains that here rise abruptly from the water's edge to a great height: compared with our tiny bark in the faint light of the moon, they appeared magnified to an altitude of upwards of a thousand feet, though in reality, perhaps, not exceeding three hundred. The interest of the scene—in fact, the unpleasant part of the romantic,—was farther heightened by the pilot giving us to understand that we were in the neighbourhood of a tribe of Bedouins,

noted for their plundering propensities. He himself, poor old man, was not able to get a wink of sleep through his constant fear of a sudden attack. Having continued under sail the whole night, we found, on coming on deck, that we had passed the villages of Tahtat and Soama before the day dawned. They are both situated on the western bank. Tahtat is a large village with several mosques, at some distance from the river. At Soama the province of Ekhmim begins.

We arrived at the village of Souhadj on the morning of the 19th, where we were obliged to make fast, in order to procure a fresh supply of provisions. This village is situated on a high bank, behind a fine grove of acacias, filled with beautiful little paroquets of a lively green. Crossing through these trees, and over a large canal called the Moyeh Souhadj, at present dry, we came to the houses, amongst which we saw large quantities of filthy yellow-headed vultures, hopping about in quest of carrion. A great many Albanian soldiers, quartered at this place, rendered the groups in the bazaar extremely picturesque: the women, too, for the most part had their faces uncovered, perhaps attributable to their intercourse with the Greek mercenaries. After a stay of a few hours, we again loosened our sails, and past Ekhmim, and a convent called Deir in Arabic, which from a distance bears a great resemblance to an ancient Egyptian temple. We past Girgeh in the night. Occasionally we now saw the *dôm*, or Thebaic palm,—the *palma*, or *cucifera Thebaïca* of botany. The fruit tastes very much like our gingerbread; it is very hard and fibrous, and used as food only by the Nubians. Farshout is a village on the western bank, containing a sugar-manufactory belonging to Ibrahim Pasha. At How are the ruins of Diospolis Parva; they consist, however, but of the vestiges of a sandstone temple of a late date, and reported as either Ptolemaic or Roman.

December 21st.—Assisted by a violent northerly gale, we arrived at Kenneh this morning, obtaining a distant view of the Temple of Denderah. We here ordered the reis to lay in an extra stock of bread for our voyage into Nubia, and then rode on asses up to the village, a journey of about twenty minutes from the river. Seyd Hassem, the East India Company's agent, assisted us in procuring the various articles we stood in need of. Without his aid we should have obtained nothing, as all the shops in the town were closed, the Pasha having lately pressed their proprietors into his service. They were now in the country, labouring at the canals for the irrigation of the lands. Pulling up our stake, we again resumed our upward course; but owing to the prevalence of light winds, another day was spent in tracking past the villages of Koft, Kous, and Negada. Kous, occupying the site of Apollinopolis Parva, still shows a ruined gateway, almost covered with rubbish.

December 23rd.—We were towed all the morning, and on finishing our breakfast, we found the mountains receding on either side, leaving a large level valley between. It was here that Homer's hundred-gated city stood. We soon caught a distant view of the piles of ruins forming the Memnonium, and the temples of Gornou and Karnak, with the colossal statues familiarly termed Shamy and Damy. At 10 o'clock A. M. we arrived in the little port of Luqsor, where we found a great number of Arabs collected, formidably armed with spears, all of whom were eager to be employed as guides to the ruins. Our boat had scarcely touched the shore, when they commenced a fierce struggle for the preference, holding up to us their certificates of recommendation; from violent pushing they soon came to blows, thrusting with their spears, and thumping one another over the head with large heavy sticks. This scene of contention was not, however, of long duration, as the Aga made his appearance and soon put an end to the contest. Walking across the sandy plain extending between the river and the village, we came to the gigantic ruins of Luqsor. We scrambled enthusiastically to the summit of the propylon, from which we surveyed the scattered and dislocated masses and ruins of the once-mighty city. Half-way up we paused for a moment in our climbing, when we were startled

KARNAK LITHEBES
H. ALLAN

by the sharp, clear outline of the remaining obelisk, still rearing its beautiful slender form to the bright blue sky, as when from the city in its palmiest days were seen—

> "Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
> From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

Amongst the columns behind the massive gateway is built a small mosque, scarcely discernible amidst the gigantic ranges of masonry. On the front of the huge propylon are processions of sculptured figures, the most conspicuous of which is a colossal warrior in a chariot:—

> "High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
> Whom sceptre'd slaves in golden harness drew;
> His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
> His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold."

A ride on asses for nearly two miles led us by an avenue of mutilated sphinxes, through a grand entrance-gate covered with fine chiselled figures, to the small southern temple of Karnak, whose inner walls, ornamented with sculptures in low relief, were much blackened with smoke from Arab fires. Having provided candles, we were able to explore its dark mystic chambers. Passing through the grand western propylon, we entered the spacious area in front of the great palace of Karnak, the outer walls of which are profusely wrought with battle-scenes. Only one solitary column of a lofty avenue that passed down the centre of the court is now left standing, the ruins of its fallen brethren lying in confused heaps around; a single granite figure, and that broken, now guards the entrance of the wonderful hypostyle hall, whose extensive roof of ponderous blocks was supported by 134 columns, elaborately decorated with intaglio sculptures. The accompanying view represents the centre colonnade, the pillars of which are 72 feet high, with capitals 22 feet in diameter at the broadest part; it is taken from the western entrance. Behind the obelisk, seen in the back-ground, is an apartment adorned with many columns of lotus-bud capitals, richly covered with painted hieroglyphics, and having a ceiling of blue with gilt stars, still almost as fresh as when first executed.

Near a large cistern of water, said to have been for the conservation of sacred crocodiles, we met a compatriot amusing himself with snipe-shooting, the rushes round its edges affording good shelter for numbers of that bird. The principal propyli leading from Luqsor into this palace, have been nearly destroyed by the orders of Mehemet Ali, for the purpose of erecting manufactories. In the vicinity of these ponderous gateways are numerous sphinxes, in both sandstone and basalt, and, from their disturbed position, they appear to have formed a well-frequented resort for collectors.

December 24th.—While we were still sleeping, Reis Ibrahim, our skipper, conveyed the boat across to the Lybian side, with the asses and guides we had employed the day before. A delightful ride in the cool morning air through luxuriant fields of corn and beans, and a scramble through several marshy pools, where we met some Arab fowlers, who, immediately they discovered us, came to beg *baroot* (powder), brought us to the temple of Medinet Habóo, which, from its half-buried state, has not the commanding aspect of the ruins of eastern Thebes, although to the scholar perhaps the most interesting, on account of the fine sculptures that adorn its walls. Whilst admiring the beautiful court where the early Christians had erected a church, of which numerous columns still remain, we were attacked by a band of Gornou guides, who drove off those we engaged at Luqsor at the point of the spear. Not tolerating this summary mode of installing themselves in our service, in place of those who, we were told, had been brought across contrary to custom, we had recourse to our sticks, and entered into the fray pell-mell; the consequence was, we obtained possession of the Luqsor asses, but without their masters, who took to their heels. The intruders followed us about to whatever place we turned, bullying us to purchase pieces of papyrus, mummy-cloth, and even part of the mortal remains of

certain ancient, and perhaps "learned" Thebans, many little children running after us with mummied legs, hands, and heads fresh plucked from the thickly tenanted necropolis of the neighbouring hills. A Greek resident here, a collector of antiquities, and whom the Arabs dignify by the name of consul, eventually freed us from these revolting importunities. His house is built among the tombs above the Memnonium.

Having started at day-break, the hall of the palace at Gornou, dedicated to Amun, the Theban Jupiter, afforded us a shady resting-place, in which we were glad, after our late conflicts, to sit down in quiet to a breakfast spread on a huge overthrown column, my man Arfah standing sentinel at the door-way with drawn sword-stick, to keep off his pertinacious countrymen. A merely cursory survey of the numerous remains on this side occupied the whole day, and from which we returned thoroughly exhausted. As there was a light favourable breeze, we were tempted to get under weigh; but some Arabs from the bank calling out that another English boat was coming, and recognising it to be that of our friends, we turned back to Luqeor, deciding to spend the following day with them, and enjoy our Christmas among the ruins of a mightier city than Babylon the Great. Our dinner, although wanting in roast-beef, could boast a goodly supply of plum-pudding and English preserved soup. Ours was not the only convivial party, as the Arab crews of both boats had their full share of merriment, feasting on a couple of sheep received from us on their demand for *bachscheesh* (a present), and the whole affair concluding with abundance of noise and dancing.

December 26th.—Left Thebes with light winds and calms. At noon we passed an isolated rock on the western bank, called by the Arabs, Jebelein; and in the evening arrived within a short distance of Esneh, which we passed on the following day. December 28th.—A strong northerly wind, that commenced very early, took us from our anchorage off El Kab; it continued increasing till noon, when it blew quite a gale, obliging us to take in one of our lofty sails. Clouds of sand were swept from the neighbouring desert, so dense as often completely to conceal the surrounding landscape. We rushed swiftly through the pass of Hadjar Silsilis, and in two hours had a fine view of the beautifully situated ruins of Ombos, nobly standing on a lofty bank,

KOUM OMBOS.

on the eastern side of the Nile. At Djebel Howa (the mountain of the wind), within five miles of Assouan, the last Egyptian town, our reis thought it prudent to moor for the night, as the granite rocks of Syene already began to show their metallic-looking heads above the water.

December 29th.—At Assouan we immediately despatched a messenger for the reis of the cataracts, an old Arab appointed pilot to those desirous of passing up into Nubia. It is necessary to drive a hard bargain with this gentleman, who is not the least bashful in asking three or four times the amount he is entitled to. We paid 250 piastres. A northerly breeze favouring us, we soon entered the wild scene of rocks, the home of many

a heron and pelican, and certainly unsuitable for the abode of almost any other creature. Although the breeze freshened as we progressed, we still found our speed diminish from the increased rapidity of the current. After winding our way through these crags for a couple of miles, we arrived at the Shellál, as the cataracts, or rather rapids, are termed by the natives. We here came to a dead stop, the gale no longer having power to propel us. This part was called 'the third gate'; the whole being divided into four principal passes, of which

FIRST CATARACT.

we had already passed two. Whilst the Nubians, under the orders of the reis, prepared the large rope by which we were pulled through, others came to entertain us with diving into the rushing waters and catching fish, which they actually brought to the surface in their mouths. We were at first incredulous, and thought it must be some trick of a confederate, or that they had a 'preserve' under water; but on sending down a fine young black in a spot of our own choosing, to our great amazement he brought up three. They explained that the fish continually keep under the eddies caused by the rocks, with their heads up the stream; so that knowing where to look for them, they adopt the same method of securing them as we do when tickling trout. We soon had our deck covered with fish: they were full of bones, but nevertheless much relished by our Arab sailors, who, like the Chinese, seem really capable of eating any thing.

The Signori Reis having enjoyed sundry pipes, at last had all the ropes attached that could be mustered, and with a long pull from one hundred Nubians, and their usual cry of *Hay-lay-eessah!* they dragged the cand'gia through by main strength. We were at once congratulated by the multitude with cries of *Salam Hawadjar*, frequently interlarded with a demand for *backscheesh*. The old reis shook us frequently by the hand, and drank plenty of rum. Again setting sail, we left our noisy Nubian assistants behind, and having engaged a native pilot called Mustapha, whom from his huge size, and being a leper, we nicknamed Farass-el-bahr (hippopotamus), we rounded the island of Philoe, passing through some of the wildest and most romantic scenery on the banks of the Nile, which here becomes much contracted, and with only a narrow fertile strip on each bank. For the first few days in Nubia we had a succession of calms, which threw us much on our guns for amusement. The palms sheltered immense quantities of doves, that proved much better eating than the pigeons we had met with in Egypt. We were always attended by numbers of the

natives, mostly armed with spears and matchlocks, whose constant cry was for powder, and to whom the explosion of a percussion cap was quite a mystery, throwing them into a most ludicrous state of wonderment.

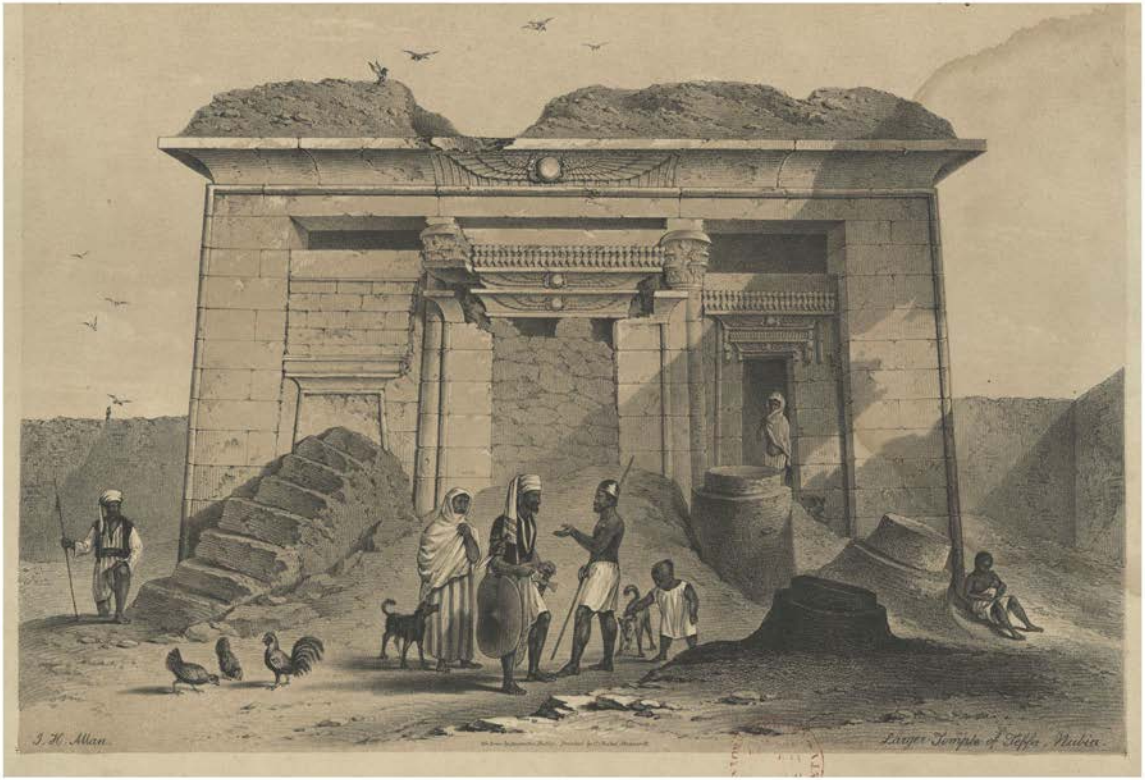
December 31st.—Arrived at Teffa, where a perfect calm, and the vicinity of the rapids of Kalabsheh, caused us to make fast our boat, and step ashore. There are two temples here, the southernmost, which has been used as a church by the early Christians, is the subject of the accompanying wood-engraving: figures

TEFFA

of their saints, in fresco, are still to be seen on the walls. The other temple is more perfect, and stands in the midst of the modern village: its occupants plagued us terribly with their importunities for *bäckscheesh* and *baroot*. They said they cared nothing for the Pasha, and seemed very desirous of learning all they could about the Sultan, who, they said, was alone their master. It was amidst much annoyance that I took the sketch of the larger temple.

January 1st, 1842.—At day-dawn we pulled through the rapids, which barely deserve that name, as there is scarcely any perceptible fall of water. About nine o'clock we arrived at tracking-ground, and when opposite to the temple of Kalabsheh, we met our Asia-Minor friends who had preceded us up the Nile. They were in the boat belonging to the English consul at Cairo, a very handsome cand'gia, pulling fourteen oars, and with ample accommodation for our four friends. We at once crossed over to them, and made fast for the day. We first took a thorough ramble through the ruins, and then sat down in a body to sketch. As innumerable verbal descriptions have already been given, I shall only refer the reader to my drawing for the general appearance of the portico, which is the most interesting part of this beautiful structure. The material is sandstone, very accurately cut, and neatly put together. Passing out of the temple on the northern side, we crossed several quarries; and beyond, several sarcophagi cut in the rock near the ruins of an old village. Most of the mummied bodies had been pulled out, the bones of which lay scattered around, bleaching in the sun. A small temple, cut in the rock, and called by the natives Dar-el-Waly, is situated still higher up in the hill. The sculptures, with which its entrance is adorned, are most beautiful and interesting. Our friends in the consul's boat honoured us with a magnificent entertainment, and what is a singular circumstance on the Nile, were able to do so without borrowing more than a wine-glass or two.

January 2nd.—At four in the morning we left the ancient temple of Talmis, and having a favourable breeze, we passed Abou Hor about six o'clock. This is in the line of the tropic of Cancer. Beyond Dekkeh, the margin of the river on the western bank was completely covered with a reddish sand; the desert pressing so


J. H. Allan.
Larger Temple of Tafa, Nubia.

85164

close upon the waters, that in but few spots the fertile soil extended ten feet, which was principally grown over with the tamarisk and wild acacia. On the opposite bank to the ruins of Dekkeh are the remains of Contra Pselcis, the only traces of which are concealed from view by the dilapidated sun-dried brick walls of the village of Kobban. On the eastern shore are the peaked mountains of the Arabian chain, called Djebel Oellaky, or gold mountains; and near the island of Derar, on the western bank, is a small temple, at a short distance from the village of Corti: we could just discern it amongst the trees. About three miles beyond Wady Sebooa the wind died away, and we there made fast with our stake for the night.

The next day we only got as far as Korosko, where the river takes a sudden turn to the north-west; and as the wind still continued from the north, we were obliged to set the crew to the tow-rope, tracking from the Lybian bank, the water there being deepest although the ground was bad. Soon after passing the neighbourhood of Amada, the river bends to the south-west, and we were once more able to set our sails. We moored in the evening to the western bank, opposite the ruins of the castle of Ibrim. At two o'clock A. M. we were awoke by the violent bumping of the boat, caused by the waves raised by a northerly wind. Arousing the still slumbering crew, we continued under sail during the remaining hours of darkness. At a village called Toské, we were obliged to stop to replenish our larder: our servant was only able to procure three fowls and a sheep in the whole place, the latter costing us about 1*s.* 6*d.* of our money. The mountains here on the eastern side assume singular forms, some resembling marquees and tents, others pyramids and flattened cones. On the western bank also, at a short distance beyond, is a mountain which is exceedingly like an artificial pyramid. The cultivated portion of land is here, on either side, uncommonly narrow, a few yards only in width; it appears, however, to be very productive, and, from the number of Persian water-wheels in use, is evidently taken much pains with. On each bank, close to the water, extend long continuous hedges of acacias, which by their fine green afford a lively contrast with the deep yellow sand of the bordering desert. Sailing rapidly past Wady Ermenné and Wady Formundy, places in the vicinity of which are found numbers of crocodiles, we soon caught sight of the rock, out of which are cut the justly celebrated temples of Ebsamboul; the smaller and northern one facing the river, the other and finer of the two, facing the north. The hills soon after again assume the singular form of tents, pyramids, &c. We got that evening as far as Farass.

EBSAMBOUL.

SECOND CATARACT, NUBIA.

CHAPTER V.

SECOND CATARACTS AT WADY HALFA — EBSAMBOUL — DERR — AMADA — WADY-SEBOUA — OUFFREDOONEE — DEKKEH — GUERFEY HASSAN — DANDOUR — KARDASEH — DEBOUDY — ISLAND OF PHILOE — ELEPHANTINA — KOUM OMBOS — HADJAR SILSILIS — EDFOU — ESNEH — HERMENT — THEBES — DENDERAH — SHEIK HEREDI — SIOUT — ANTINOE — BENI HASSAN — MEMPHIS — SAKKARAH — QUARRIES OF MAASARA — PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH — CAIRO — SA-EL-HADGAR — ALEXANDRIA.

On the 6th of January we resumed our course, getting under weigh at the early hour of 2 A. M., when the moon lent her welcome aid, which enabled us to avoid the sunken rocks that our pilot seemed hereabouts to dread. At Eshké the eastern shore widens to a large plain, well cultivated and abounding with palm-trees, both common and Thebaic. At two o'clock P. M. we arrived at the straggling village of Wady Halfa, built on the edge of the Arabian desert, and Reis Ibrahim received orders immediately to strike the yards and masts, and prepare at once for our descent. It seemed to surprise him much, having made sure of two or three days of pleasure; but seeing we were in earnest, and as he had already conceived some respect for our energy, he set to work with his Arab crew to dismantle the cand'gia, for we no longer depended upon the wind, having a more constant power of progression in the stream, for our descent. While these arrangements were going on, a little clumsy boat belonging to a Nubian, calling himself the reis of the second cataracts, and manned by his slaves, was procured for twenty piastres, which conveyed us, with the assistance of its little cotton sail, the remaining navigable part of the Nile. The rocks which here divide the river are of sandstone, although the waters have given them the same black metallic hue as those at Syene. To the cry of *Hay-wal-la!* our handsome black-eyed Nubians pulled us through the rushing stream, to within a quarter of an hour's walk of the high bluff point of rock that runs out from the Lybian range close to the cataracts, and situated in the district of Abouseer, from which it takes its name.

It is on this head-land, nearly a thousand miles from the sea, that most modern Nubian travellers finish their ascent, and inscribe their names. We arrived at this southernmost point of our travels just as the sun was sinking below the horizon. The view from this elevation is of the most wild and extensive character. Uttering their brawling dissonance, at 150 feet below rush, the waters of the majestic Nile, broken into a thousand streams and rapids by the dark rocks that protrude from its bed, with here and there a few acacias, whose stunted look betrays the shallowness of the earth that nourishes them.

Cataracts are visible as far the eye can reach on either side, whilst beyond nothing but the gloomy sandy desert meets the wanderer's gaze. In the extreme distance to the south, the peaks of the two mountains are seen, between which and Abouseer lies the wild district of Nubia, called Batn-el-Hadjar, "the belly of stone," it contains but very few inhabitants, and the remains of some small Egyptian temples. The cutting our names in the sandstone-rock having occupied us till it had become quite dark, we had some trouble in again finding our boat, and afterwards still greater, attended with danger, in descending that part of the rapids through which the wind had previously carried us. We grounded several times on the rocks, but the active Nubians, stripping themselves in a moment of their loose shirts, plunged into the water, and in a very short time got their clumsy craft off again. In an hour and a half we reached our boat, now all ready for descending.

January 7th.—Pulling down with the now favourable current at the rate of four miles an hour, we landed close to the village of Farass, near the sheik's house, built upon a hill, in the walls of which we observed several ancient cornices of Egyptian workmanship. On the south side of the same hill we found other remains, and on the site of an old mosque a number of broken red granite columns, friezes, and hewn stones, indicating the site of some large ancient building. To the south-west, about ten minutes' walk in an extensive and cultivated plain, stands an insulated rock crowned with the ruined sun-dried brick walls of a small mosque. On the eastern face is a small excavation, about six feet by four feet, containing two figures in intaglio, with hieroglyphics. It is said to be of the time of Rameses II. At the back is a small niche with a dilapidated figure in a sitting posture. We here procured several cameleons from the acacia trees; but our sailors threw them overboard in the night, having apparently a great antipathy to them. After nightfall we came to the excavated chamber of Feray'g, discovered by Burckhardt in the precipitous face of the rocky chain that here, a little to the south of Ebsamboul, forms abruptly the eastern shore of the Nile. The ascent to the chamber at this period of the year is both steep and difficult; the entrance is narrow and lofty, leading to an apartment, the roof of which is supported by four slender columns. The walls, covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics in relief, have been plastered over and ornamented with paintings of saints by the Greeks, who appear to have used it as a place of worship. From the cella four low steps lead to the adytum, in which is a deep sepulchral excavation. Twenty-five minutes' more rowing brought us to Ebsamboul, on the opposite side. Making our boat fast under the smaller temple, and finding we could not rest patiently without first seeing these wonderful excavations, we furnished ourselves with candles, and climbing up the narrow strip of fertile bank through the long grass and brushwood, came at once to the feet of the six colossi, that stand in recesses hewn out of the living rock. By the scanty light of our tapers they appeared magnified to an enormous size: the tallest of us could but barely touch their knees. The oblique sides of the niches are ornamented with hieroglyphics, and so deeply cut as to afford excellent steps to the climber. The entrance is in the centre of this row of statues and conducts to the pronaos,—a handsome chamber decorated profusely with hieroglyphics and symbolic characters, the roof being supported by six square columns with Isis-faced capitals. The colours on some of the figures (chiefly black and yellow) still retain much of their original brilliancy. From the narrow cella beyond the pronaos we came to the adytum, at the bottom of which is the mutilated form of a sitting

figure with a high head-dress, supposed to represent the goddess Athor, to whom the temple was dedicated. She was worshipped under the form of the sacred cow.

The great attraction of Nubia, the southern temple of Ebsamboul, discovered by Burckhardt and uncovered by Belzoni, still remaining to be seen, and of which we had heard and read so much, determined us, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, to wade over the immense mounds of loose fine sand that separate it from the smaller temple. After toiling through this overwhelming torrent, and sinking knee-deep at every step, by the assistance of some of our sailors we were at length enabled to satisfy our impatient curiosity. Gaining the entrance, we found ourselves between statues, whose towering forms were of such magnitude as at first to create an impression of doubt as to their being the work of the tiny hands of men: it looked incredible. Three of the four figures that adorn the front of this temple are complete; the other, on the left next the entrance, has lost its head and the upper part of the body. Above the door-way is sculptured the hawk-headed Osiris, in high relief: he bears a globe on his head, and is receiving offerings from two females standing on each side. These colossi measure,—

Height	65 feet, 0 inches.	Length of ear	3 feet, 6 inches.
Across the shoulders	25 „ 4 „	Length of beard	5 „ 6 „
Shoulder to elbow	15 „ 6 „	Length of fore finger	3 „ 0 „

Elbow to end of middle finger ..... 15 feet.

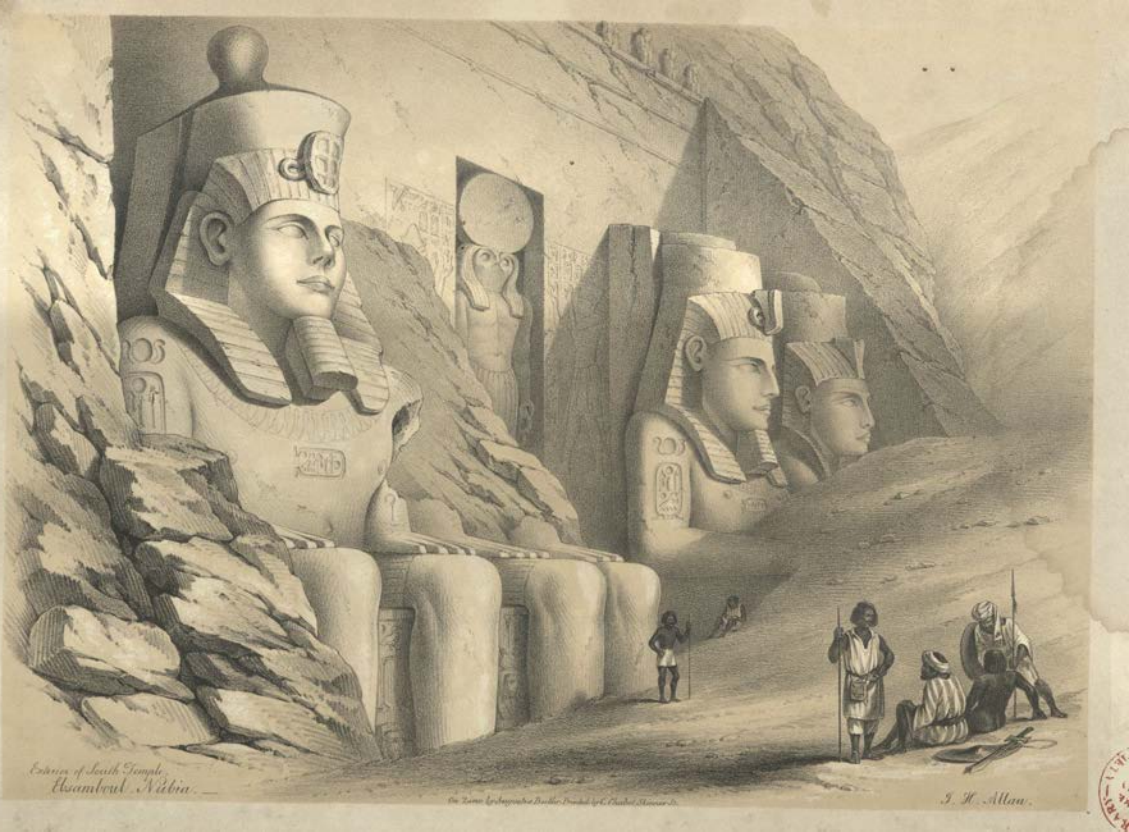
The entrance leads into a fine hall, fifty-seven feet by fifty-two, the roof of which is supported by eight columns, adorned by as many Caryatides thirty feet high. Each figure stands erect, crowned with a lofty mitre, the top of which reached to the ceiling. They are supposed to represent Osiris. On their shoulders are graven the name of Rameses the Great, who ascended the throne of Egypt B. C. 1355. The two first figures are buried up to their middle by the sand that has run into the temple. Beyond this hall are two other chambers leading to the adytum, at the bottom of which are four sitting statues, much mutilated about the head, but otherwise in tolerable preservation. From these four principal apartments branch off many others, all ornamented with hieroglyphics, but generally coarsely executed, many having been left unfinished; some indeed are only marked out in black. The walls in the larger rooms exhibit spirited representations of battle-scenes, executed, notwithstanding the softness of the stone, with great expression. Many of the prisoners are represented with leopard-skins, as if war had been waged against some savage nation of the interior.

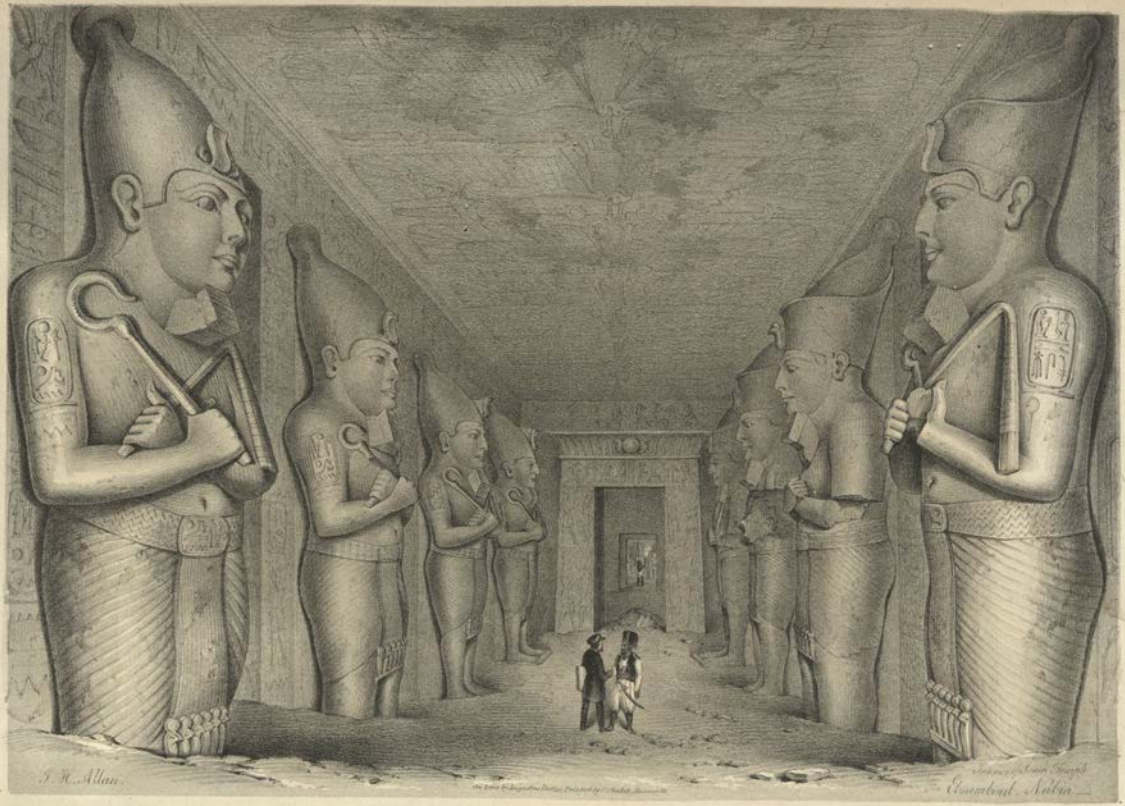
January 9th.—After labouring a whole morning against a strong head-wind, we reached the castle of Ibrim at 2 P.M., where we made fast, in order to visit four small excavated chambers cut in the southern face of the precipitous rock on which the old brick fortifications of Ibrim are built. The two northernmost, in which the decorations retain more of their original freshness than the others, are difficult of access, being upwards of eighteen feet high from the bank; indeed it is scarcely to be accomplished without the assistance of a rope, In the evening we reached Derr, after a sixteen hours' row from Ebsamboul. Although the capital of Nubia,

DERR.

J. H. Allan.
Interior of North Temple
Elsamboul Nubia

Interior of South Temple
Elwambul. Nubia
J. H. Allan


Entrance of South Temple
Ibsambul Nubia
J. H. Allan


J. H. Allan.

the houses in Derr appeared to be of no better description than those we met with in other villages, the only difference being, that it boasts of a mosque and a burnt-brick house belonging to the Kashef; it is, however, well situated, and ornamented with numerous lofty palm-trees. At the back of the town we came to the temple, which was partly built and partly excavated from the sandstone rock, and is supposed to have been executed in the time of Rameses II. The constructed portion has now entirely disappeared. The entrance is through a court, which has three rows of four square columns; that nearest the cella is still erect, but the lower part only of the others remain. The legs of the caryatid figures with which it was adorned are still to be seen. The side-walls and pillars are covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics, chiefly representing a Briareus under the arm of the victor, with Osiris stepping forward to intercede. The sculptures in the interior have suffered much from mutilation.

Our servants and sailors here loaded the boat deeply with their speculations in dates, which they eventually sold in Egypt at an enormous profit, as they neither paid freight nor duty, travellers' boats passing the different custom-stations unexamined. An hour's rowing brought us to the small temple of Amada, three

AMADA.

minutes' walk from the bank. On its roof is built a cupola of sun-dried bricks, probably by the Greek Christians. The roof of the pronaos is supported by three rows of square columns; they are without capitals, but are nearly covered with the sacred scarabæus and the oval containing royal names cut deeply into the stone. The sculptures are in low relief, and coated with a material resembling enamel, the colours with which they are painted retaining their vigour and clearness to a wonderful degree. The subjects are chiefly domestic. The natives here exhibit little fear of the crocodile: we saw several swim across the river on palm logs, close to some ferocious-looking fellows that lay basking on a sand-bank.

The remains of the temple at Wady Seboua stand in the desert, a short distance from the river. This place derives its present name from the andro-sphinxes, which lead up to the propylon. The adytum is entirely filled up with drifted sand, and is reported to be excavated in the rock. Another long row of seven hours and a-half brought us to the Wady Meharraka or Ouffeedoonee, where stand the ruins of a temple with fourteen columns, their capitals left unfinished, as seen in the adjoining sketch. The broken portions of a winding staircase, that led to the summit, are in the right-hand corner of the building. Through our pilot's ignorance we missed visiting the diminutive temple of Korti, and in two hours arrived at Dekkeh (the ancient Pselcis). January 12th.—The propylon of this edifice is plain, without sculptures; but the temple itself is covered with

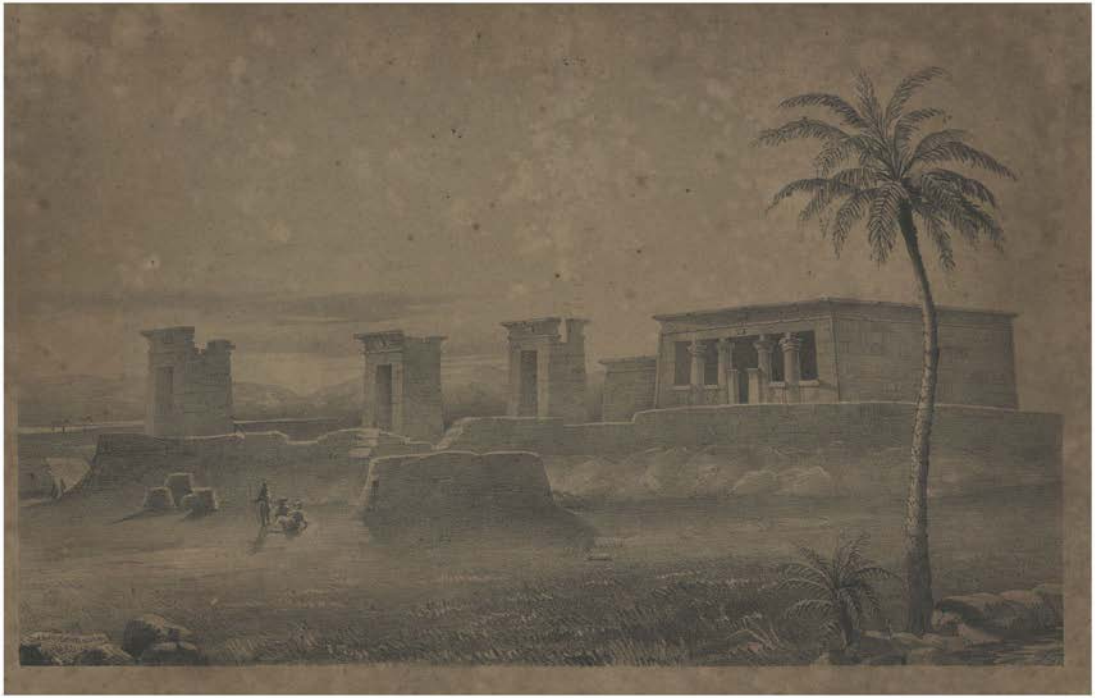
them, in the finest style of workmanship. There are many interesting inscriptions on its walls. The greater part of the neighbourhood is desert, with only here and there a little oasis of fertile land. After three and a half hours' row, we landed at Guerfey Hassan. A long and steep ascent brought us to the excavated temple, with a dromos of Osiride pillars. The pronaos, although more rude and clumsy in execution, resembles the interior of the larger temple of Ebsamboul. There are only six figures instead of eight, as at the latter excavation. The legs of the colossi in this temple are particularly awkward. In the adytum are four statues, two of which have high head-dresses. The temples here follow each other so closely, that we were able to visit a third to-day. It is called Dandour, and consists of a portico with two columns in front, before which stands a pylon with a bold cornice, and beyond, next the river, a large quadrangular court of masonry. Behind this temple is a small excavated chamber in the sandstone rock.

January 13th.—In the neighbourhood of Kardaseh are some large stone enclosures with curved walls: we noticed some of a similar description at Teffa. At a short walk from the temple there is a sandstone quarry,

QUARRIES AT KARDASEH.

with nearly sixty Greek inscriptions, rudely engraved round a beautifully cut door-way, surmounted with the globe and wings. They are for the most part in honour of Isis, to whom the devotees had journeyed to offer worship and present offerings. The small temple is situated at some height above the river, and consists of six beautifully finished columns, of which two have Isis-headed capitals. In taking a sketch of this temple, I was quite surrounded with a group of armed natives; they were, however, not more annoying than might naturally be expected from savages eager to gratify their curiosity. Deboudy, at which we arrived in the afternoon, has three gateways, or pylons, in advance of its temple, which has four columns in its pronaos. It is decorated with the usual sculptures, and has two chambers in an additional wing on oneside. The ladies from the village came down to offer their ornaments for sale, which we were glad to purchase as curiosities for our friends; nose-rings, ebony bracelets, and anklets, with large glass bead necklaces, were amongst the most precious.

January 14th.—We again arrived at the northern confines of Nubia, and after engaging the ferry-boat to cross over to Philoe, sent the boat down the cataracts in charge of Giovanni and the pilot. This beautiful and interesting island, which contained the last temples we were to visit in Nubia, afforded us ample occupation for the whole forenoon, and would have done so for a fortnight longer, had time permitted. I was obliged to content myself with a general view, taken from a lofty mass of granite at its southern extremity, and a sketch of that elegant structure generally called Pharaoh's Bed (*Sereer Pharaon*). I breakfasted with my companion



Serree Pharaon
Island of Philæ Nubia
J. H. Allan

on the summit of the propylon, from which we enjoyed a most charming panoramic view of the island, and the shores and rocks adjacent. A pleasant donkey-ride took us through the village of the cataracts, and the rocks and quarries of Assouan, from which the granite used by the ancient Egyptians was procured. A half-finished obelisk still remains attached to the mother-rock, giving undeniable proof of one very important mode adopted in these colossal sculptures. Passing through the burial-ground of old Assouan, containing many Saracenic tombs, we found our cand'gia safely arrived, and moored near an English boat about proceeding up the cataracts to Wady Halfa. On our recommendation they took with them the old leper *Forass-el-bahr*. A visit to Elephantina, the Island of Flowers, (*Djeziret-el-Zahir*), now scarcely repays one for the trouble of crossing over, as the Pasha has of late completely cleared it of its antiquities, for the sake of employing the material in building. At the southern extremity, a defaced sitting statue of Osiris, in black granite, is all that remains of its ancient splendour. The island appeared exceedingly fertile, and the inhabitants very clamorous for *backscheesh*. The night of our return to Egypt was one of unprecedented sultriness; the air was like that of a Turkish bath.

NILE CANGIA.

January 15th.—A good nine hours' pull against a contrary wind brought us to Koum Ombos, whose highly situated double temple commands a fine view of the neighbouring low country. The portico had formerly fifteen columns, in three rows; the two at the angles have now fallen, bringing down at the same time a large portion of the architrave and cornice. On the back wall is a fine long cornice of asps, part of which is seen in the drawing. The ceiling is most interesting, as it shows the process of sculpturing the hieroglyphics, from the rough sketch to the last finish of the chisel. The back part of this temple is almost covered up with sand. Near the river-bank are the remains of a large propylon and a small temple of Isis, the capitals of which bear her face. The Nile is said to be encrouching annually on this temple, and carrying away some interesting fragment at each succeeding inundation. It is therefore not improbable that Ombos may share the same fate as Antæopolis. A gale of wind compelled us to drive our stakes firmly into the ground, and hold on for the night. During the hours of darkness we were boarded by shoals of rats, that ransacked every thing on board: the servants sleeping on deck, although raised upon the canteen boxes, were unable to obtain a moment's quiet from their ceaseless peregrinations. Our fowls, which had been hung up to the mast, we found the next morning alive, but flapping about horridly, the poor creatures consisting only of legs and wings, and heads, the rats having eaten all the flesh off their bodies.

The quarries of Hadjar Silsilis on the eastern bank are very extensive. It was from these that the Theban monarchs procured the material for their splendid monuments. The Nile here is not more than 1700 feet in width. On the other shore are several monolithic temples and excavated chambers; some ornamented with a couple of reeded columns surmounted with a cornice of asps, and many of the interiors bearing remains of colouring. Northwards are quarries similar to those on the eastern side, some having good stairs cut in the rock. On the water's edge, for a quarter of a mile, we found various small chambers, many of them with painted roofs, and containing one or two mutilated figures on the back wall. The northernmost is a temple of larger size, having four pillars in front. At sunset we arrived at Edfou, a walk of half-an-hour bringing us to its beautiful temple, round which are congregated the houses of the modern inhabitants, whose fierce dogs

greeted us with a dismal yell. On the top of the ancient temple of Apollinopolis Magna stands part of the Arab village, and its sculptured walls are now coated with filth. Truly may it be said, "The temples of

HADJAR SILSILIS.

the Egyptians are defiled!" The dromos, or court, behind the magnificent and stupendous propylon, is now used by the Pasha as a granary, and the chambers of the temple are nearly filled with rubbish. One of the small air-holes, however, opening into an Arab's house on the roof, justs admits the body of the adventurous enthusiast, and leads through passages only large enough to allow of creeping on hands and knees to the cella, where the huge capitals still rear their heads from out the soil. They are twelve in number, all varied, yet, as Sir Frederick Henniker says, "bearing a family-likeness throughout." They are highly finished, and in excellent preservation. Three hours brought us to El Cab, the modern name of Eilethyas, where are still to be seen some extremely interesting grottoes cut in the sandstone mountains on the Arabian side, about a mile distant from the river. They were anciently used as sepulchral chambers, and the ransacked bones of its former tenants lay strewed around, with pieces of the embalming cloth in which they were wrapped.

January 18th.—The portico of the temple at Esneh is the only portion now free from the mounds of rubbish which have accumulated around, having been lately cleared out by order of Mehemet Ali, who set the whole town—men, women and children, to excavate it. The columns are of great elegance with varied capitals, and the walls are thickly covered with interesting sculptures and hieroglyphics. Another day's hard rowing brought us in the evening to Herment (the ancient Hermonthis), a village about two hours' journey south of Thebes, and twenty minutes' walk from the Nile. The ruins are at the north end of the town, and consist of a small temple having a dromos in front, formerly graced with seven pillars on each side; but five only on one, and two on the other, now remain. The face of the building is ornamented with a bold cornice of asps. The entrance to the interior is through an Arab's house, who has appropriated the once-sacred edifice to his own use. In the fore-ground of the drawing are seen the tombs of the modern cemetery: the domed buildings are baths. On dropping down to Luqsor, we discovered our friends in the Consul's boat, with whom we spent the evening, recounting our mutual adventures. We found no less than eight boats assembled here, all hoisting English colours, and giving ample employment to the noisy guides and grubbers after antiques. Another stay of four days at Thebes was devoted, with the assistance of an able guide named Achmet, to exploring the numerous excavated sepulchral chambers of the Necropolis; and amongst others, he brought us to the mouth of a mummy-pit, which he recommended us to visit, as many travellers had done before us. The entrance was not in the least inviting, being nearly blocked up with sand, leaving a hole scarcely a foot square. At Achmet's earnest solicitation, however, we doffed our coats and caps, and prepared for action. Lighting a candle, he preceded us, and with one or two serpent-like twists disappeared from our view: we could, never-

Amada Temple Egypt
J. H. Allom

Herment.
J. H. Allan.

theless, hear his voice calling upon us to follow. Lying down as he had done, and going through similar twistings and screwings, I got half-way in, when the dust I raised almost suffocating me, I was obliged to lie still for some time, until the air becoming a little clearer, I managed by an extra effort to force my body through the rugged hole; I there found Achmet lying flat on his belly on a pile of dried corpses, with his light burning dimly through the cloud of dust. A few yards more of crawling brought us into the centre of the mummies, among which we sat down to rest. On looking round with our lights, we found ourselves in a low, rude excavation, nearly filled with the embalmed bodies probably of common people, none of them having cases, being merely wrapped round with cere-cloth, and piled up one on the other. The wrappings of those lying uppermost had been ripped off by the Arabs, who come to these receptacles of the dead in quest of papyri, and other relics esteemed by travellers, from whom, particularly the English, they obtain exorbitant prices, and frequently for fictitious articles. Having satisfied our curiosity, and in groping our way unintentionally cracked the skulls and bones of many a mouldering Egyptian, our clothes covered with their rotted dust, we crawled back through the same awkward hole, and once more respired the pure air without.

A visit to the Biban-el-Molook (tombs of the kings), consumed the greater part of the day. They are situated in a dreary desert valley, or rather ravine, to the west of Gornou, and it occupied us two hours to ride there on asses in a scorching sun. The "tombs of the queens" are on the southern side of western Thebes, and are scarcely worth visiting after those of "the kings." The colours in them are tolerably fresh, and they are adorned with sculptures of the usual description. I cannot say these excavations realized the lines I am about to quote; but the poetical impression certainly conveys a general portraiture of truth, with regard to many scenes in ancient Egypt.

"There, too, a mass of solid porphyry,
With shafts of pillars, alabaster pure,
And sullen granite, and bruised effigies,—
Confounding oft the monster with the man,
Yet no name telling of the regal dead,—
Stood in the grandeur of a vast decay.
But through a dome that yawn'd with fangs of gold,
Like the rich pandemonium of a mine,
Down gazing far, a line extensive arched,
Where, grimly ranged, slept the swathed dust of kings."

HECATOMPYLOS.

These were the last ruins we visited of this once-mighty city, which is said to have extended upwards of twenty miles, to have been able to send 20,000 armed men from each of its hundred gates, and was called "the immortal;" but whose power has passed to nothing for many ages, and whose colossal wrecks are becoming confused with their own mouldering dust and the desert sands.

"Absorbing Time! grey harvester midst tombs!
Thou sleepless giant—never-sated guest—
Swallowing man's ages as a daily meal,—
Leviathan, who ever hungerest through
The ocean of eternity!"

HECATOMPYLOS.

January 23rd.—Taking advantage of a slight breeze from the south, we bade adieu to Thebes, and started for Kenneh, where we arrived after a nine hours' passage. Making up a large party, amongst whom were Lord ——, Dr. M——, and others of our Asia Minor companions, we crossed at once to the opposite side of the river, and in half an hour rode over a low marshy plain to the beautiful temple of Denderah. A general idea of the exquisitely sculptured walls may, I trust, in some measure be conveyed by the accompanying

drawing, as its details are much too elaborate for a minuter representation. The circular zodiac (removed by the French, and now in Paris), was certainly the most interesting work of the Egyptian priests,—

> "Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
> And traced the long records of lunar years."

January 25th.—We pulled down to the village of Bellianeh in company with our friends' boat, where several of the party rode up to the ruins of Abydos, (two hours distant inland, and called by the Arabs El Arabat Madfounah), whilst myself and others dropped down to Girgeh, enjoying excellent sport with our guns amongst the numerous pelicans, herons, and geese; the latter we frequently saw congregated by thousands. Amongst the "game" we stumbled upon a crocodile, basking on a little sandy islet. Our pieces happened luckily to be loaded with ball for the pelicans, so that we were at once ready for the onset. These creatures are very shy; and when we came within gun-shot, he rushed towards his native river. Three of us presented simultaneously, and fired in regular platoon order, which caused him to bring up short, as he had received a ball in his side under the left leg, at which part we aimed, knowing the scales were softer thereabouts. As it is considered a great feat among travellers up the Nile to kill a *timsah*, we all became so excited, that, totally forgetful of danger, we rushed headlong out of the boat through the water and sand, and charged close up to the limping and gnashing monster, who happening at the moment to open wide his jaws,—of course with "the best intention,"—we poured a volley down his throat. To our surprise he did not instantly fall dead, as we had naturally expected, but continued struggling, making snaps at our legs, the sound of his closing jaws at each miss causing us to give a second leap backwards, for we had not time to re-load, and could only strike with the but-end of our guns. He soon grew faint, however, and after a few violent struggles, stretched himself out. Procuring a stout rope, we lashed his tail and snout together, and towed him down to Girgeh, where the report of our victory soon spreading, we were quickly surrounded by the natives, amongst whom we divided the carcase, keeping the skin ourselves as a trophy.

The next day brought us to Ekhmim and Sheik Heredi. At the former place the streets are constructed very regularly, and the houses built of sun-burnt bricks. Outside the town, near the burial-ground, are some large hewn stones, one twenty-five feet nine inches in length, supposed to have formed part of a triumphal arch built by one of the Roman emperors. At the latter are some grottoes half-way up the mountains, of rude construction, and with one or two traces of sculpture. There are numerous fine crystals in this neighbourhood, said to grow like grass on the top of the mountain, reminding one of the story of Sinbad the Sailor in the "valley of diamonds."

January 29th.—Siout. Rode up to the capital of Upper Egypt, about a mile and a half from the river, on a raised causeway. From a distance it appears picturesque, its white-washed minarets standing out in strong relief. Nearly the only remains of Lycopolis now visible, are the sepulchral excavations of the ancient necropolis behind the town. They are much mutilated and destroyed. Although disappointed with the grottoes, we enjoyed the ride very much, as it was an uncommonly cold morning, with a pinching northerly wind,—the first of the inclemency of winter we had felt. We every now and then met with groups of Copts, whose gracious *salam* we returned in passing. The fertility of the large plain was also agreeable to the eye of the Nubian traveller, the way being lined with willow, palm, and acacia trees.

At Mahabdie, a small village forty minutes' row from Manfalout, are some crocodile mummy-pits, situated in the mountains behind the village: they are difficult to explore, on account of the mephitic vapours contained in the passages. It was here Mr. Legh lost two of his Arab guides. Some of my companions went up to them, but could not muster courage enough to attempt a descent; a servant, however, went down with the

J. H. Allan
Dendereh Egypt

guides, and brought out several mummied crocodiles, together with the head of a child, which was gilded all over.

The next day at noon we landed near the village of Tel-el-Amana, where are some sepulchral excavations containing curious sculptures. On a small shelf of soil at the foot of the sandstone cliffs of the Arabian chain, nearly opposite to Tarût-es-Shereeff, we saw the last of the *dôm*, or Thebaic palm. An old man, with his wife and family were living in an excavation in the adjacent rock, apparently leading a life completely cut off from the rest of their fellow-beings.

January 31st.—Sheik Abâdeh, site of the ancient Antinoe, founded by the Emperor Hadrian. A walk through the village brought us to the remains of a colonnade of granite pillars without capitals. At the back

ANTINOE.

of heaps of rubbish, containing many architectural remains, we saw a large enclosure, said to be the ancient Hippodrome. The direction of its streets is still to be traced running in a regular manner, and judging from the fragments, it must have been a city of great magnificence. A large portion of the ruins were used in constructing the Pasha's sugar-manufactory at Al Rairamoun, on the opposite side of the river, amongst large plantations of sugar-cane. A visit to the grottoes of Beni Hassan well repaid us for the trouble we had in reaching them; the sculptures we found there are most interesting, and preserve much of their original freshness of colouring. There are about thirty excavated chambers.

February 4th.—After repassing Minyeh and Beni-souef, we to-day reached the village of Bedrashen, near the pyramids of Sakkarah. Twenty minutes' walk from this village is another, called Metra-henny, said to be near the site of ancient Memphis, as many remains are found here in the shape of granite and sandstone blocks, bearing hieroglyphics, statues, &c. A large caryatid figure has been disinterred of late years, supposed to have been one ornamenting and supporting the portico of the temple of Vulcan. It was, when perfect, forty-two feet long. A road, leading across the large fertile plain between the Lybian mountains and the remains of the once-mighty capital, brought us in two hours to the edge of the desert and the pyramids of Sakkarah, built in degrees. A deep excavation made by Colonel Vyse, led us nearly to the heart of the structure. The passage terminated in a large sunken chamber. Scrambling our way out, we mounted our asses and rode to the bird mummy-pits, distant about ten minutes' ride. We found the entrance strewed around with fragments of the red earthern pots in which the embalmed Ibis is inclosed. After groping through the first narrow aperture, the explorer turns immediately to the right in order to avoid the well, which at once presents itself

in the way, and down the other side of which he has to lower himself, descending gradually by the help of small niches cut in the side. In one corner, at the bottom, is a hole almost blocked up with drifted sand, through which he has to squeeze his way with great difficulty for a yard or two, when the passage widening, leads to the galleries containing the pots piled up in tiers, and forming one solid mass from the floor to the roof. They are of unknown extent.

February 6th.—On the opposite and eastern bank of the river we engaged our usual friends the donkeys, and rode up to the quarries of Maasara, about eight miles to the south of Cairo. It was from this portion of the mountains of Mokattam that the limestone-casing for the pyramids was obtained. From these extensive quarries a most comprehensive panoramic view of the plain of pyramids presents itself, including the groups of Dahshour, Sakkarah, Abousseer, and those of Ghizeh to the extreme right, as represented in my sketch. The waters of the river having retired and left the low ground dry, we were able to ride next day to the great pyramids of Ghizeh in a direct line. The casing being now wanting, the nearer you approach the ruder they appear, and as nothing presents itself in the boundless desert with which they can be compared, it is not until you are actually ascending their rough sides that an accurate idea can be formed of their immense magnitude. On arriving at the base of the largest, ascribed to Cheops, I engaged six Arabs to carry me to the top, as I did not feel myself in sufficient health to undertake such a climb. Whilst four lifted me from step to step, two others remained in reserve, to relieve their comrades. We ascended by the north-east corner, and in rather less than a quarter of an hour we reached the summit, where I met my companions, who had raced up in a few minutes. We mustered with the Arabs about forty strong, refreshing ourselves with English porter, and cutting our names amongst numerous others of our countrymen. The often-described view from this pyramid I will not here repeat; suffice it to say, in general charecteristics it much resembled the prospect from the citadel at Cairo, as already detailed. In the centre of the northern side, we found the entrance to the interior. Leaving our servants outside, to keep out the crowd of Arab hangers-on, we took three or four with us, and descended the inclined plane, which leads straight to its centre at an angle of about 26°.

One hundred feet from the entrance a forced way branches off to the right, and winds upwards, presenting some little difficulty to the climber. Surmounting this, another large and lofty sloping shaft, that leads upwards, conducts to the so-called "King's chamber." The first part of this passage is difficult to ascend, as the lower end of the inclined plane is cut away, to allow of entrance to the "Queen's chamber;" a small ledge only with a polished surface, left on either side, affords but a very precarious footing. In both of the royal chambers is a plain sarcophagus. Climbing up a sort of ladder constructed in the corner of the lofty passage, my comrades crept through a small hole in the upper part of the wall, close under the ceiling, where progressing on all fours through dust and dirt of bats, they came to "Davison's chamber," a low apartment not more than four feet in height, built exactly over the king's; and above this, there are other three similar small low chambers. A shaft, first explored by the enterprising individual whose name I have just mentioned, and bearing the name of the Well, leads to another large apartment under the centre of the pyramid, which some of the most enthusiastic of our party wished to descend, but the unwillingness of the Arabs to afford assistance, obliged them to forego their subterranean excursion. A ride round the other pyramids, forming the group of Ghizeh, was sufficient to satisfy our curiosity, without exploring the intricate chambers and passages within. To the upper part of the second largest, known by the name of Cephrenes, is still attached part of the casing with which the whole of the exterior was covered. To the south-west of this is the much smaller pyramid of Mycerinus, 162 feet high and 280 feet at the line of its base. The fourth pyramid stands

Pyramids of Ghizeh
T. H. Allan

m the same diagonal line with the other three. To a sketch of the sphinx in the panoramic view of the pyramids of Ghizeh, I adjoin another on a larger scale, giving more clearly the benign cast of countenance as described by many. We had scarcely time to examine this singular and gigantic remnant of antiquity, when a smart shower of rain, the first we had experienced in Egypt, drove us away; a neighbouring tomb afforded us shelter, which we found had lately been converted by Hill and Co., of Cairo, into a sleeping apartment, furnished with chairs, tables, &c. for the accommodation of those wishing to pass the night at the pyramids. After another sojourn of a few days at Cairo, during which we visited Rhoda Island with its nilometer and beautiful gardens, the tombs of the caliphs, and Mehemet Ali's garden and kiosk at Shoobrah, we took leave of Masr-el-Kahirah. The only place we visited on our return to Alexandria, was the village of Sa-el-Hadjar, occupying the supposed site of Sais, the ancient metropolis of the Delta. Amongst vast quantities of rubbish we met with a few old Roman granite columns, and a number of noisy jackals. At some distance further, and amongst piles of crumbling crude bricks, we discovered a fine sarcophagus in basalt, standing in a muddy pool, deeply sunken, with the lid alone visible.

February 20th.—Sunday. Arrived at Alexandria amid torrents of rain. All the hotels filled with English, brought by the *Great Liverpool* and the French steamer from Marseilles. The place was thoroughly miserable from the wet and mud: no moving out without a donkey.

MEMPHIS.

THE "GREAT LIVERPOOL."

CHAPTER VI.

QUARANTINE AT MALTA—SYRA—ATHENS—MOUNT PENTELICUS—ELEUSIS—ÆGINA—EPIDAURUS—NAUPLIA—NEMEA—CORINTH—SCALA DE SALONA—DELPHI—GALIXIDI—CLIMA—LEPANTO—PATRAS.

FEBRUARY 24th.—In about an hour's time after embarking on board the *Great Liverpool*, we sank old Egypt's shores below the horizon. I felt a pang of regret as we steamed away from the river whose banks had witnessed the earliest efforts of human advancement, and on whose bosom we had floated with pleasure for so long a time. It was not before the sixth day that we entered the quarantine harbour of Malta, having encountered a series of gales and contrary winds, and during the whole passage the seas were short and heavy, wetting the vessel from stem to stern. Quarters were provided us in the old barrack-rooms of Fort Manoel, in which we were incarcerated until the 19th of March. My fellow-passengers, including several from India, messing together, we got through the time pleasantly enough, although my notes show that one day could not boast of more variety than its predecessor. Our only amusement was in rolling the shot and shell about, and looking after the vessels as they passed in and out.

March 28th.—The French packet *Léonidas* conveyed me in three days to the island of Syra, where I was transhipped to another called the *Lycurge*, that carried me on to the Piræus—the port of Athens. A four-wheeled carriage, for two drachmæ, brings one by a nearly straight road about six miles long to Athens itself. Entering the modern city, near the small and still perfect temple of Theseus, I took up my abode at the Hôtel de l'Europe, within view of the Acropolis, on the summit of which stands the Parthenon, the temple of Minerva,—

> "On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
> Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould."
>
> POPE.

An American gentleman, Mr. W——, being equally eager with myself to see the antiquities, we at once rushed out, "book in hand," and had, before evening, paid a cursory visit to every object of interest in the

city of Pericles; and again, on the following day, we sallied forth beneath a broiling sun, to feast our eyes upon the noble ruins which Athens at every turn presents to the eye of the traveller.

April 4th.—A carriage with four horses drove us to the foot of Mount Pentelicus, ten miles from Athens, and a long toil of two hours brought us to the summit, the path leading near the quarries of white marble from which the Parthenon was constructed. The top of this mountain commands a fine view of the plains of Marathon, and the tumulus under which the invading Persians were buried; the prospect to the north being bounded by the bold form of the island of Negropont. The next day was employed in climbing the heights of the Museium on which stands the monument of Philopappus, and the Pnyx, from which the eloquence of Demosthenes saluted the Athenian ear. In the evening we had a pleasant drive to Eleusis, round the bay of Salamis, and through the defile of Daphne. The road for the whole distance is excellent, and has stadia stones to mark the distances. In less than three hours we arrived at the modern town of Eleusis, consisting of a few miserable hovels chiefly inhabited by Albanians, whose children wear a most singular head-dress; to wit, a cap completely covered with coins, that give it the appearance of a helmet. The ruins consist of the remains of an ancient aqueduct, and the foundation of two temples, around which are scattered quantities of broken fluted columns, of both the Doric and Ionic order.

April 6th.—Having engaged one of the native boats termed a caïque, a party of three embarked for Sunium, Ægina, and Epidaurus; namely, W——, myself, and an Austrian officer. As we put out from the Porto Leone, or Piræus, we found Athens, with the Acropolis and the houses near the shore, beautifully illuminated, in commemoration of its being the anniversary of the Greek independence. A few miles out of port it fell calm, and remained so all night; we turned in under a half-deck, where, wrapped in our capotes, we made ourselves comfortable on the ballast, notwithstanding its hardness. Owing to the contrariness of the wind next day, we were obliged, much to our regret, to give up an intended visit to Colonna, and bear down boldly upon Ægina: we landed on the shore of this island as near as possible to the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, whence an hour's toiling up the side of a steep hill brought us to the twenty-two remaining columns of the Doric temple. In many places they are much mouldered away, through the softness of the stone. The view is magnificent, commanding the Gulf of Salamis, Athens, Cape Colonna, and all the neighbouring mountains of the Morea. In the evening we pulled into the little bay of Epidaurus, now called Pidhavro by the Greeks. A miserable inn afforded us an asylum for the night. Rising early, we strolled round the delightful bay, whilst our man Nicholas was packing our baggage on the horses he had engaged to take us to Nauplia. Near the promontory forming the other side of the port, and thickly overgrown with wild shrubs, we found the mutilated statues mentioned in several guide-books; and I must say, they are but sorry specimens of antiquity, being little more than shapeless trunks. Leaving the swampy isthmus that connects the lofty promontory with the main, we at once turned our backs to the sea, and struck inland through beautiful groves of myrtle, oleander, and other elegant shrubs. In three hours' riding through glens, defiles, and on the edges and bottoms of mountain torrents, shrubs and wild plants growing thickly and profusely around, we entered the plain on which Yero stood. The only remains are the theatre, and some confused masses of masonry. Dismounting, we scrambled over some broken hilly ground to the theatre, an immense semicircular excavation on the side of a hill facing the site of the ancient city. The seats of this theatre are still very perfect, and only displaced here and there by the sturdy shrubs starting out between the joints. The diameter is about 370 feet. Thirty-three rows of seats form the lower half below the diazoma, and about twenty remain above. It is supposed to have been capable of accommodating 12,000 persons. This valley once contained a temple to Æsculapius, to whom indeed the whole city was dedicated; but the chief object of celebrity was the sacred

grove, a place formerly renowned throughout all Greece on account of its sanctity and riches. The form of the ancient Stadium, which is said to be still traceable, we did not attempt to hunt up, as our guide appeared perfectly ignorant of the situation, and we had still a six hours' ride before us. Continuing our route, we again joined the main road near the village of Ligurio, where we stopped some time at a small coffee-house on the road side: here the horses were baited, and we refreshed ourselves with figs, black bread, and coffee. The remainder of the road lay through a comparatively uninteresting and barren country: a series of low, short, steep hills and dales affording no good points of view, compelling us continually to ascend and descend a rough wearying path, we were heartily glad when we caught sight of Nauplia, its gulf, and the plain of Argos. We passed a hill or two, having castles of Hellenic masonry on their summits, but could not learn their names from our guide, which same fellow was the most worthless we ever fell in with, taking every opportunity to provoke us and prevent us in the least from leaving the straight road, even when we wished to observe any thing more than commonly curious. He would at such times run up to our horses' heads, seize them by the bridle, and shout Τιποτες τιποτες Nothing, nothing! From his frequent use of this word, we dubbed him Τιποτες, by which name he was afterwards always known.

We entered Napoli di Romania, the modern name for Nauplia, through a long suburban village, at the entrance into which we saw a colossal lion *couchant*, cut out of the solid rock, and bearing a strong resemblance to that at Lucerne. It is of recent execution, having been ordered by the King of Bavaria to the memory of several of his nation, who fell during the Greek struggle for independence. Our Austrian had a friend here, a Bavarian officer, who politely showed us round the town, and over the fortifications on the lofty Palamede, a mountain rising precipitously behind the town, and formerly deemed impregnable. The form of this rocky steep bears a resemblance to our Gibraltar. As the shades of evening closed in upon the beautiful landscape, we obtained a view of the whole valley, with the city of Argos and its acropolis. We were glad to return to our indifferent lodgings, being tolerably fatigued with this our first day's ride in the Morea.

NAUPLIA.

April 9th.—Having procured a rickety carriage with a couple of horses, we left Nauplia at an early hour, and drove to Tiryns. The ruins are of cyclopean masonry, and built on the top of a small rocky hill, that rises like an island from the level plain. This fort was constructed by architects from Lycia, 1379 B.C., and the city to which it belonged was destroyed by the Argives, 466 B.C. It is said to have been the birth-place, and frequently the residence, of Hercules. Leaving these enormous walls, we continued along the road over part of the Lernæan Marsh, where Hercules killed the Hydra, till we came to the little village of Krabata, when we discharged the carriage and mounted fresh steeds. Ten minutes brought us to the remains of the ancient Mycenæ, once the capital of Agamemnon: it was built by Perseus, 1300 B.C., and ruined by the Argives

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Athens

after the Persian war, 466 B. C. The Treasury of Atreus, as it is generally called, is a large domed vault, with a smaller one attached to it: it is sometimes named the Tomb of Agamemnon. Not having brought lights with us, we were unable to judge of the size of the inner chamber, except by groping our way round in the dark, when we several times nearly broke our shins over the large stones lying about. To reach the Gate of Lions, by which Agamemnon left his city to march to Troy, it is necessary to cross a hollow. The lions are *rampant* and executed in low relief. Plunging again into the mountains, we soon lost sight of Argos and Nauplia. The road lay principally through a ravine and the bed of a torrent, until we came to a lower range of hills, which we crossed, and descended in an hour to the Nemean valley. In the centre of the plain stand the three Doric columns, the only part still erect of the temple of Jupiter. Byron has described these ruins in the following lines:—

"There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!"

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

The columns are thirty-four feet high, and are fluted in the Doric manner; part of the architrave is standing on two of those that formed the pronaos. The remainder of the pillars that supported this temple are strewed around in confused heaps; some have fallen so regularly, that they seem to have been lowered down so as to retain their respective places, and appear perfect. From Nemea, the home of the celebrated lion slain by Hercules, we continued over a bad but picturesque road to Corinth. The mountain ranges being wider apart, afforded a more extensive prospect, with the snow-capped Parnassus as a back-ground; and shortly after passing the village of Cleonæ, which we left to the right, we were able to add the Acro-corinthus to the pleasing view. In four hours from Nemea we rode into modern Corinth, and put up at the New Hotel of Great Britain. Two hours' toiling the next morning took my companions to the top of the Acro-corinthus. A long detention at the gate above, and the haziness of the morning, brought them both back disappointed with their excursion. From its fortified summit is to be obtained the most comprehensive view in Greece. Athens, Ægina, Sicyon, the greater part of the Morea, mounts Parnassus and Helicon, are all distinctly visible. During their ascent, I passed through the few straggling rows of miserable houses that at present form the once magnificent city of Corinth. I also added another sketch to my port-folio of the seven Doric columns that still remain of a temple supposed to have been dedicated to Minerva. These columns are monolithic, and of the heaviest style of Doric architecture. These being now the only antiquities in Corinth worthy of a visit, we found ourselves quite ready for a start, on my friends' return from their arduous ascent. A schooner hired at Lutrachi, the port of Corinth, received us on board for the Scala of Salona. The vessel being under weigh when we embarked, we at once stood out into the stormy Gulf of Lepanto. Our crew consisted of Capitano Nicholas, his co-partner with a wooden leg, and three boys, a motley, yet still perhaps ample crew for the vessel, which was barely twenty tons. A contrary wind compelled us to beat, and after tacking some hours it freshened so much, that we had to hand one sail after the other, and at last, about five P. M., to put into a little nook, under shelter of a point near the termination of the promontory that divides the eastern extremity of the gulf into two parts. A stroll ashore assisted to stretch our legs, and brought us in a few minutes to a beautiful little salt-water lake. Our skipper told us that on the opposite side, on the summit of a steep and lofty hill, there was a fine marble statue of a female with an infant in her arms; but as the day was too far advanced to climb to the top, we were unable to test the truth of his statement. Regaining our little vessel, we found Nicholas had provided us a formidable dinner of our favourite dish, maccaroni. A favourable wind

springing up about midnight, our Greeks got under weigh, and the next morning found us coasting the southern shores of the gulf, passing Vasilika, the ancient Sicyon, about ten A.M. Light puffs of wind, called by sailors 'cats' paws,' brought us into the little port of the Scala de Salona after nightfall. We found but little rest this night, as the cabin was literally alive with cock-roaches.

April 12th.—This morning was ushered in with a rain, that considerably damped our enthusiasm in undertaking a visit to the site of the celebrated Delphian oracle. A dirty little coffee-house, full of idle lounging Greeks, afforded a sorry breakfast, our armed and smoking friends coming out to see us mount the mules with their high, and no less hard, pack-saddles, that were to convey us to Delphi. We struck inland in the direction of the village of Crissa, crossing a fine plain thickly grown with olive-trees of a particularly large description, the fruit of which is distinguished by the name of Columbades. After traversing this grove, the road ascends over rough rocks, which, together with the rain, rendered the ride by no means pleasant; the latter source of annoyance, however, soon afterwards ceased, and the sun broke brilliantly from behind the clouds, and continued shining throughout the remainder of the day with its wonted splendour. The village of Crissa, through which we merely passed, has nothing but its situation to arrest the attention for a minute. From the number of fountains seen in riding along, it appears abundantly supplied with water. From Crissa to Castri, the village that now occupies the site of the celebrated Delphi, is a rough ride of two hours, at the end of which, just before arriving at Delphi, one observes several ancient tombs excavated in the rock, apparently opened and rifled many a year since; some are now little more than ledges, the whole of the front being broken away, either by earthquakes or the more destructive hand of man. The appearance of Delphi must have been most romantic, from what we may judge by the miserable village of Castri, being built a mile or two above the bottom of a deep ravine, at the foot of the snow-capped Parnassus. So steep is the side of the mountain, that the houses are raised on terraces, the foundations of which are the same that supported the buildings of the ancient city.

Riding through the village, we descended to the monastery of St. Elias in search of the usual guide; but he having gone to Arracova, a village some hours distant, we were obliged to content ourselves with a volunteer, and any thing but an intelligent, cicerone. An open piece of ground to the east of the convent was full of tombs and broken sarcophagi. It had evidently been the burial-place of the ancients: some of the receptacles of the dead had been most elaborately ornamented. Of one in white marble, bearing groups of men, women, and horses in high relief, our guide told us a bungling story of an English captain, who on its discovery offered to purchase it; but his price not satisfying the avaricious notions of the finder, he became enraged, and mutilated it in the manner we saw. Approaching the town we soon came to the far-famed Castalian spring, in the front of which is a shallow reservoir, with three or four steps leading down to it. Here it was that the Pythia performed her ablutions, before taking her seat on the sacred tripod to deliver oracles. At the spring, like most other travellers, we drank of the inspiring water, and with the usual effect. On the left side of the bath is a large fissure with a cavern beyond, where are the remains of a flight of steps so slippery, that to ascend, the curious enthusiast is obliged to take off his boots. It may have been from this chasm that the prognosticating vapour arose. Capitals, shafts, and marble walls are plentiful. The monks of St. Elias prepared us a refreshment of olives, honey, and bread, with a strong spirit called by them *rachee;* the latter we did not at all relish, on observing which, the anchorites, to show their liking for it, tossed off a bumper or two in our presence; one, indeed, offered to drink as many as we liked to pay for. The fame of Apollo's oracle did not suffer in the custody of these holy men. Outside of the village we climbed a rocky steep to the remains of the ancient Stadium, of which little but the form exists. On our return to Scala we wished to leave at

once, having bargained with the captain of the *St. Nicholas* to convey us to Vostizza for thirty, or to Patras for forty drachmæ, as the wind should answer; but not finding our worthy commander on board, we were detained a long time before he came back, which gave rise to a quarrel between us, as through the detention we had lost a favourable breeze.

April 13th.—The contrary wind became so boisterous, that we gave up beating against it, and to our mortification were obliged to put into Galixidi, a town with two small but commodious and safe ports on the western side of the Gulf of Scala. As we were anxious to embark in the Austrian steamer that touches at Patras on the 14th of each month, we, on coming to anchor, sent Nicholas ashore to procure horses or mules to convey us from Galixidi to the castles of the Dardanelles of Lepanto. Five of the latter he procured after much difficulty, at fifteen drachmæ each,—three times the usual price. We disembarked, and another miserable coffee-house again provided us a breakfast, for which we paid an exorbitant price; but we were glad to escape from the place at any rate, the whole neighbourhood having a most piratical and unsafe look about it. After four hours' riding in the hot sun over wretchedly bad roads, we halted for half an hour at a little cafteria, near the sea-shore, close to which the road had been winding the whole way. Here we feasted heartily on salad, figs, bread, and butter made of sheep's milk. The road after this became even worse than before, leading over the edges of precipices and down deep craggy gullies, where it was quite wonderful to see how our strong mules managed to carry us along safely, sometimes sliding on their haunches, at others springing down a series of steps, or climbing over large slippery rocks that lay across the path. After the sun had set we still found ourselves pushing on, our safe-footed animals never stumbling once, dragging us on briskly through rocks and underwood, whilst the feeble rays from a young moon enabled us to distinguish our way until she set, when we were not long in losing the little-beaten track. It was not, however, of much importance whilst we knew the direction, and we pushed on two hours further over the worst ground beast ever trod. At midnight the guides declared they had lost all knowledge of their whereabouts; but by beating about we roused some shepherds, just as we were going to bivouac on the bare ground. The swarthy pastors at first refused to turn out of their hovels, rudely formed of boughs; but our dragoman Nicholas representing us to be Bavarian Greek officers, who would compel them, they soon came round, and one, shouldering his staff, at once led us through stone and briar up the mountain side to a miserable little village, where, after a ride of thirteen hours, we were only too glad to dismount. It is called Clima, and nearly opposite the town of Vostizza on the other side of the Gulf of Lepanto. Wearied and ready to drop, we went to the first hovel, but had to knock long before we gained admittance; and when at length the door was opened we found the interior so filthy, that although we were too tired to be very squeamish, we certainly should have preferred sleeping on the bare rocks outside, had not the phantom of prospective fever driven us in. Making our way over the dormant forms of the wild and squalid inmates, we at once laid ourselves down and fell into a sound sleep, in spite of the fierce attacks of innumerable legions of fleas, and various other yet more detestable insects.

April 14th.—As soon as the day dawned, Nicholas roused us up, administered to each a cup of tea, and having shaken ourselves free from the thickest of the insects, and recompensed our surly and barbarous host for his hospitality, we again found ourselves astride our mules and descending the steep sides of the mountain, with the two castles at the entrance of the gulf, Patras, the island of Zante, and the broad sea full before us. The road from the village of Clima, after descending the mountain, leads along a plain, allowing us comparatively easy riding, from our being able to change our position by sitting on mattresses with both legs on one side, without running the danger of being thrown down a dizzy precipice, or into a bush full of stiletto-like thorns. An hour before reaching Lepanto we had to ford a large rushing river, whose muddy waters were of a

deep chocolate hue. With the assistance of a peasant we got through without accident, notwithstanding the nervous trepidation of our guide, who last year had nearly lost his life by being carried down the turbulent stream. Lepanto is a town prettily situated on the shores of the gulf, and partly built on a rising hill, the summit crowned by a Venetian fortress occupying the site of the ancient acropolis of Naupactus. The houses rise in tiers, and are intermixed with Turkish mosques, whose broken minarets are very conspicuous. There is a small harbour within the walls, but too shallow to receive any thing larger than a boat. At this little port we endeavoured to strike a bargain with some Greeks to take us direct to Patras, the wind being both fair and strong. Their outrageous terms made us turn our backs on them at once, and continue our ride along the beach to the northern castle of the Dardanelles. We arrived there a little before noon, but further annoyances awaited us. The only available transit being the boat used as a ferry between the two castles, a very large sum was demanded, to which not instantly acceding, the restive ferryman refused to convey us at all, and it was not till we had applied to the commandant of the castle, that he was induced to take us at his own price. Anxious as we were to terminate our troubles and hardships, we gladly threw ourselves into the miserable bark, and soon scudding before the wind, in an hour we found ourselves alongside the little mole forming the landing-place at Patras. Here, comfortably lodged in an excellent *locanda*, we had just time to recruit ourselves and climb to the castle, when the Austrian steamer *Mahmoudie* took us to Corfu, passing close to the low shore on which is built the town of Missilonghi, so nobly defended by Marco Botzaris.

MISSILONGHI.

IONIAN ARMS.

CHAPTER VII.

"Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapour lost."

ODYSSEY.

CORFU—VIDO—PARGA—SANTA MAURA—AMAXICHI—ITHACA—POLIS—CEPHALONIA—SAMOS—ST. EUPHEMIA—ARGOSTOLI—ZANTE—MALTA.

In Corfu we spent two or three exceedingly pleasant days, affording an agreeable change from the harass of our late excursions in Greece. An English friend resident in this island, was particularly kind in pointing out and assisting us to visit the objects of interest. To the pass of Garonni, six or seven miles distant, is an interesting drive, the well mac-adamized road passing through thick orchards of olives, frequently so dense as to block out the view of every thing else. Many beautiful arborvitæ were planted next the road-side. From the pass the view is very striking, extending sea-ward and bringing before you the southern parts of the island, below a sloping gorge crammed with olive-trees, and westward several promontories jutting out, and covered with vegetation; while further to the right, the eye ranges over a confused and hazy outline of hills and woods. Another day a boat took us round the citadel, on which stands the light-house, along by the Lord High Commissioner's country-house, to the site of what is considered the temple of Neptune; only a few Doric shafts, with broken fragments of friezes and architraves are to be seen: the position commands a fine view of the Albanian coast with its snow-capped mountains. In returning to the town we visited the isle of "Ulysses sail," the Phæacian galley petrified by Neptune on her passage from Ithaca, whence she had conveyed Ulysses. It is a pretty little spot, full of flowers, and kept in tolerable order by a rough-bearded old hermit. After a visit to the fortified island of Vido on the evening of the 18th, we took leave of Corcyra and spread to the light evening air the sail of an open native boat, manned by four petticoated Ionian Greeks, with moustaches several inches in length. We had engaged their boat to convey us to the other principal islands of the Ionian heptarchy, and gave up ourselves entirely to their wild custody, trusting to the proximity of English law for their good conduct. It was a considerable risk to confide ourselves to these Greek gentry, whose acts of piracy in this neighbourhood are not of rare occurrence, and are pretty well known

to the world; we, however, willingly encountered every hazard in our eagerness to see Ithaca, and particularly my American companion, who was quite an enthusiast.

The Ionian government steamers were both laid up for repair, and there was no time to be lost, as the steamer would soon touch at Cephalonia on her way to Malta, where we wished to join her, to reach Sicily before the summer was too far advanced. After getting a cup of hot tea, and joining thereunto figs and cold provisions, we fell asleep under our coats and capotes, with carpet-bags for pillows, our Greeks covering us over with a sail to keep off the heavy dew. April 19th.—Daybreak found us

"With Suli's rock and Parga's shore"

full in view. Parga is prettily situated near the water's edge, with low singular hills above and the higher mountains of Albania beyond. Off the islands of Paxo and Anti-Paxo an English steamer passed us. Towards evening we distinguished the minarets and domes of Prevesa, at the entrance of the Gulf of Arta. We, like Ulysses in his sail from Corcyra to Ithaca, enjoyed a favourable breeze:

"Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies,
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies."

The boats would appear to be much the same, and our accommodations as primitive as those of the seven years' voyager; but we had not his winds throughout, and before nightfall our crew stowed the sail, and took to their oars to reach St. Maura, which we did not accomplish until late in the evening. April 20th.—Soon after sunrise we landed at Amaxichi, and having had our sanatory papers duly examined, made inquiries as to Sappho's Leap, the ruins of Leucate and Prevesa. We wished to cross to Prevesa, promontory of Actium, Nicopolis, &c.; but our time being limited, and the wind too strong to return that day, we were obliged to forego the trip, particularly as the weather began to lour, and set in thoroughly rainy before the day closed. A narrow artificial canal brought our boat from the fort, through the marshy lake on the edge of which the chief town of Santa Maura is built. A walk of a mile or two led to the solid and well-preserved walls of the town of Leucate, which furnished troops at the battle of Platea, and of whose bravery in defending their walls Livy speaks at some length. The road to these cyclopean walls lies through a plain covered with beautiful olives, and shut in by a fine sweep of mountains; ascending these you see the waving trees below, the sea beyond, the houses and orchards that fringe the shore between; and on the other side the gulf of Arta and promontory of Actium, with the blue range of Pindus. Returning, we passed through beautiful orange groves, paying sixpence to the dame of a cottage to sit under her trees and eat as many as we chose. When we left, she cried Καλω, καλο, Good, good! quite content to see us walk off. Finding a man who could speak a little Italian, we induced him to buy us some maccaroni and fish, and have them cooked in his house, where we were allowed to dine, our host's family squatting round on the floor *à la Turque*. It soon began to rain furiously, and the wind became violent. We remained in the boat, a common blanket formed into a tent affording us shelter. The interior of our little establishment reminded us of the Zingali. The thin faces of our sharp-eyed fellows were lit up by the flaring blaze of the fire they had kindled on the stones that served us for ballast, and round which they sat boiling their fresh-caught crabs; ourselves, stretched on our cloaks at the after end, in such a plight, that any one to have seen us might indeed have supposed us prisoners. Our men were no pirates, however; but, on the contrary, the civilest fellows in their line we had ever met with, and we agreed that we always got on with them far better than had there been a dragoman to sacrifice our interests to his own.

April 21st.—Landed in old Acarnania, opposite to the town of Santa Maura, to which it had been very anciently connected, and severed by an earthquake. The men cut wood, and we returned after waiting a few

hours for the wind to subside; the men were indeed anxious to get out, on account of the great danger we ran from malaria. We rowed slowly along through the narrow channel separating the island from the main land, and tacking at various times we got our sail set, and were at length able to clear it, finding ourselves in sight of Ithaca about eight o'clock in the evening, with a good moon and clear weather. The aspect of Santa Maura in this passage was quite beautiful; we saw small groves of cypresses in various points on the shore, and some near a pretty spot called the Fountain of the Pasha, to which a road leads from the town. The channel is intersected with several small islands, whose sole tenants are sheep brought over to graze; and as these islands almost closed up the passage, at times they gave to the water the form of a beautiful mountain lake. Feeling that we were in a region of poetry, my comrade seemed to enjoy the scene amazingly; and so isolated and unchanged was every thing around us, that with our boatmen singing as they rowed, we could delightfully cheat ourselves with the fancy of Phæacian rowers, as they pulled along with their illustrious guest. At midnight we anchored in the little port of Polis, in the straits between Ithaca and Cephalonia, mistaking it for the usual landing-place of those passing over from Argostoli to Vathi, and whence there is a good road to the capital of the island, which we much wished to visit for the sake of seeing the fountain of Arethusa.

April the 22nd.—As day dawned we landed, and walked up a hill till we saw a village, and beyond very plainly a little bay; here is the village of Mavronà, near the ruins commonly called Homer's school. We pressed forward to get sight of Vathi, but spent two or three hours in vain, hill after hill constantly rising before us. We saw, however, enough of Neritos, the largest of the two great mountain masses that flank on the north side the bay in which the capital is built, and returning to our boat, beat up to Samos; discerning on the way Aito, a triangular mountain, with the ruins of Ulysses' castle on its summit. Orange-trees, laurels, and many very good olive-trees were to be seen, with pretty cottages among them, and although the general aspect of the island is barren, it cannot compare with Cephalonia in that respect, as we found in our ride from St. Euphemia to Argostoli, a most dismal performance on bad mules, bad saddles, with knavish conductors, and amidst utterly sterile, rocky, burnt-up hills, the road in many places as bad as it could be. We landed at St. Euphemia, thinking we had not time to visit the ruins of the city of Samos, founded by the enterprising people of Corinth. This saved us two hours, and we reached Argostoli as night closed in, having kept it in sight at least two hours before our arrival, as it lay prettily with its white houses on the opposite shore of the bay. We entered Argostoli over a bridge, on which stands a pyramid containing an inscription in four different languages, one on each side. The inscription is this:

TO THE GLORY OF THE BRITISH NATION, THE INHABITANTS OF CEPHALONIA, 1813.

Finding an hotel, which we were indeed glad to see contained a comfortable dining-room and clean chambers, we seized with avidity the maccaroni and tea set before us, our host pleading Lent as an apology for nothing more solid, and soon lost our toils in sleep, hearing not unwillingly that the steamer this time would not touch here before to-morrow. In the afternoon of this to-morrow we felt a shock of an earthquake so violent, that the coffee-house in which I was sitting, a new building, was in many places cracked from top to bottom. The deep hollow growling was succeeded by a general shaking and dancing of windows and furuiture, causing the inhabitants to run from their treacherous roofs. Zante is very subject to these shocks, and suffered most severely a year since,—houses, barracks, and government buildings being overthrown, and occasioning the loss of many lives. At Point St. Theodore, in the harbour of Argostoli, is a mill supplied by water from the ocean, which, after turning the wheel, runs into a chasm no one knows whither. Stevenson is the name of the person who converted this power to a profitable purpose. After remaining in an open boat for four hours after midnight, the *Alecto* English government steamer ran into the harbour,

staying only sufficient time to take ourselves and the letter-bags on board; in the same manner we touched at Patras and Zante: of the latter place, therefore, we had but a passing glimpse.

The Ionian Islands, in the sixteenth century, were wrested from Turkey by the Venetian republic, as offering so many favourable points for commencing her inroads on the Ottoman empire. She successively possessed herself of the maritime towns upon the continent, and lastly of the whole of the Morea. The French, having overrun Italy in 1797, took them from the Venetians, and were in their turn expelled by the Russians and Turks in 1799. The mutual jealousy of these powers prevented either occupying them exclusively, and in 1802 they were declared to be an independent state, with the title of the Republic of the Seven Islands. In 1807 they again fell into the hands of the French, who in 1814 were obliged to surrender Corfu to the Allied Powers, which they had alone retained against the victorious arms of Great Britain. By the treaty of Paris, dated November 5th, 1815, they were finally consigned to the protection of Great Britain, under the title of the United States of the Ionian Islands.

Three days' steaming again brought us under the fortified walls of Valetta, and we landed in the old Lazaretto for another quarantine; but this time the incarceration was to last only five days. We formed a pleasant party with three Syrian campaigners, and a young lieutenant of the 36th regiment.

STORM QUARANTINE HARBOUR, MALTA.

MOUNT ETNA.

CHAPTER VIII.

MESSINA—TAORMINA—CATANIA—NICOLOSI—MONTE ROSSO—SYRACUSE—MALTA—GIRGENTI—SELINUNTIUM—MARSALA—TRAPANI—SEGESTA—ALCAMO—MONREALE—PALERMO—NAPLES—ROME—MARSEILLES—BARCELONA—VALENCIA—ALICANTE—CARTHAGENA—MALAGA—GIBRALTAR.

MAY 2nd.—Packing up my baggage, and now experiencing for the first time in my tour, the nuisance of that bane to travellers—a "passport," I and my American comrade embarked in the good schooner *Rienzi* for Messina, no steamer going that way for a fortnight. After an unfavourable and boisterous passage we made the coast of Calabria on the morning of the third day. For some time we had to work up against the strong current of the straits of Messina till we came off the town of Reggio, the ancient Rhegium, when we fell into a counter current that soon took us past the whirlpool of Charybdis, and into the circular harbour of Messina. Here we had barely time to run through the list of interesting objects furnished by Madame Starke in her guide-book, when we had to avail ourselves of an opportunity of coasting round Sicily by steam, a beautiful new Neapolitan boat, the *Palermo*, starting on the seventh, full of European travellers, the most distinguished amongst numerous foreign titles being that of Prince William of Prussia, travelling *incog.* under the name of Count de Glatz, with his two sons Prince Adalbert and Prince Waldemar, and a numerous suite of counts and chevaliers. After rounding the light-house, and running right through the turbulent waters of Charybdis, which seemed to have lost their ancient power under the mighty arm of steam, we passed in succession the villages of Contessa and Scaletta, the latter romantically built at the foot of a small rocky crag surmounted with a Saracenic castle, bearing a striking resemblance to the Gothic strongholds on the Rhine. The shores, to which we steamed quite close, were very bold and interesting, being intersected with the broad white beds of winter torrents.

Taormina was the first place of antiquity which Sicily offered to our view. With some danger from the over-crowding of the passengers into the few small native boats that put off to us, we landed at the village of Giardini, built on the sea-shore under the mountain ledge on which stands the picturesque village of Taormina, surmounted again in its turn by two rocky pinnacles, the one crowned by a citadel built by the kings of Sicily, the other by a village and fort perched up like an eagle's nest, the work of the Saracenic invaders. Two or three old guns were fired to salute the prince's landing. In a body we climbed the steep winding path to the village above, where we found a strong muster of the inhabitants, collected to wonder and stare

at the strange faces this unexpected arrival had brought into their quiet streets. The theatre, situated at five minutes' walk from the village, and in tolerable preservation, was built of brick by the Romans, and is nearly the only remains of the once-magnificent city of Tauromínium. The seats are wanting, but the proscenium is

TAORMINA.

nearly perfect, and still ornamented with several columns of the Corinthian order. The view from it is magnificent, the lofty pinnacled crags rearing their bold forms behind; whilst in front, like a drop-scene, lay the azure sea with the stupendous form of the snow-capped Etna. Again getting under weigh, we sat down to a handsome dinner on deck, many of us faring sumptuously off a gigantic sword-fish, caught by some fishermen off Reggio. Passed the town of Aci Reali, near to which is the Scala di Aci, with the castle of the same name. The isolated rocks at a short distance from this shore, called Scopuli Cyclopum, are of volcanic and basaltic formation. The Castello di Aci, is supposed to occupy the site of the port of Ulysses. At about three P.M. we anchored outside the small port of Catania, where we were unable to procure accommodation ashore, the influx of travellers being so great, that many, myself amongst the number, were disappointed in a trip to Etna, all the guides and mules having been previously engaged.

A visit to the damp excavations in the lava and scoriæ, that have covered up the remains of ancient Catania, afford but little gratification. The principal are two theatres, and some vapour-baths under the cathedral. The streets of this city are magnificent, being both broad, long, well paved, clean, and filled with large fine houses. A trip to Monte Rosso, a small volcanic excrescence at the foot of Etna, repaid us in some measure the following day for our loss in not seeing Mongibello's fiery crater. It was from this little volcano the lava issued, which nearly destroyed Catania in 1669.

The road to the village of Nicolosi, at the foot of Etna, ascends gradually the whole way, frequently crossing beds of lava and cinders, amongst which were flourishing with wonderful luxuriance fields of corn, vineyards, the cactus indicus, and aloe, the two latter of enormous growth, their stems sometimes the size of forest trees. A walk to that part of the harbour where the stream of lava ran into the sea, affords an excellent view of the town and Etna: the annexed sketch is taken from this point. The Princes being desirous of hearing the fine organ at the Monasterio dei Benedittini, we did not leave Catania until noon of the ninth. The courteous brothers of this religious establishment are mostly nobles; they took great pains in showing the ladies of our party their embroidered dresses, and were not backward in presenting flowers to them on our return from

Taormina
Sicily
J. R. Allan

River Anapus Sicily
J. H. Allan.

Girgenti Sicily
R. Allan

their delightful garden, to which the rules of the monastery did not admit the fair sex. The organist, an old friar, was an excellent musician, taking great delight in bringing out his choice bits. He nodded and winked most gaily to the ladies, particularly the English, four or five of whom were of the party. This building had a most miraculous escape from the lava of 1669. In the afternoon we were at anchor in the harbour of Syracuse, close to the island of Ortygia, on which the town is built. The whole of the passengers were again disgorged amongst the astonished Syracusans. We seemed like a swarm of locusts, seeking to devour antiquities, for scarcely one gave heed for a moment to the modern town, the whole mass streaming out to the theatres, quarries, and remains of temples. A drawing of the Grecian theatre is annexed. The excavation known by the name of the Ear of Dionysius, was a scene for the English to show off their climbing and scribbling propensities: a small chamber over the entrance, serving as a common tympanum, in which it is said this tyrant amused himself in listening to his prisoners, is hollowed out of the face of the rock over the lofty entrance fifty-eight feet high, and reached only by a rickety old chair, in which the adventurous are pulled up the giddy height by means of a pulley fixed to the rock above. This niche is filled with English names. It is a mania with us, and is evidently "infectious." On the river Anapas we found the papyrus plant flourishing luxuriantly, its tufted reeds crowding the marshy banks of the stream. One of the two branches into which it divides itself leads to the Fonte Ciane, a large deep basin of clear water supplying the Anapas. Cyane was a nymph who, opposing Pluto in stealing Proserpine, was turned into a fountain. Recollecting our enthusiasts, at Prince William's desire we stood over to Malta, and thus for a fourth time it was my fate to pass under the frowning batteries of Valetta's bastions. *Ungeheur schön!* was the exclamation of royalty, as the imposing forms of the British line-of-battle ships broke upon their view. The whole seemed to afford them as much pleasure as I experienced when first entering the grand harbour in the *Oriental* excursions. Reviews and visits to the vessels of war amused the party during their three days' stay.

May the 14th.—Arrived in the port Girgenti at eight in the morning, after a sickening passage to many. The boats thronged us so close in coming in, that one getting under the wheel was crushed down and swamped. A five-mile ride on spavined horses brought us to the ruins of the luxurious city Agrigentum: they have already been so often and so fully described, that I shall not attempt to do so here, but give a general idea of its beautiful temples by the accompanying sketch, in which is represented the temples known by the name of Juno Lucina and Concord: the modern town of Girgenti is seen to the right on an eminence, in which we found no hotel. The cathedral was our general rendezvous, and contains a beautiful sarcophagus, now serving as a baptismal font. At sunset we retraced our way to the mole of Girgenti, and secured an unoccupied sofa in the steamer for a bed.

May the 15th.—At a village called Marinella we again came to anchor, as at a short distance thence are

to be seen the gigantic ruins of the then prostrate temples of Selinuntium; that nearest the sea is the one represented in the wood-engraving. The monstrous masses of these wonderful temples are strewed around in wild confusion,—columns, capitals, and architraves intermixed in bewildering heaps. As there is no port at Marinella, and the anchorage dangerous, our Sicilian was anxious to get us off; so that we had barely time to get a view of the beautiful landscapes that surrounded us, when the order was given to embark. In less than two hours we rounded the south-western point of Sicily, and came to our moorings behind the mole of Marsala.

MARSALA.

The people having heard of our coming, had prepared a grand reception, colours flying, guns firing, and boats innumerable rowing off to us, headed by a band of musicians. The Austrian consul in full tog came on board to welcome our noble fellow-passengers. To Mr. B——, the American and English consul, I and my companion are both indebted for a most hospitable reception,—a gratifying change from the crowded cabin of the steamer. In the evening a pyrotechnical display formed a pleasing finale to this aristocratic reception.

May the 16th.—The Austrian consul having racked his poor head to devise amusement for us, suddenly hit upon a happy thought, and determined upon his sister now taking the veil: the presence of the illustrious princes affording a fitting opportunity to add éclat to the ceremony, no doubt was an additional reason. The passengers had received a general invitation, and were found snugly arranged about ten o'clock in the parlatojo of the convent, sipping chocolate handed them by the good matrons. After the young nun had taken leave of her friends, we seated ourselves in the church, where we observed the young lady between two sisters in a highly decorated balcony; on her head a crown, and in her hand a sceptre. After plenty of music and a long sermon, accompanied with much telegraphic movement from the preacher, the nun read her vow in Latin, purporting that she took the veil voluntarily; and on signing it, her crown was removed, and her hair cut off. This last trace of worldly vanity was then shown round, and a collection made. The young lady, dressed in black, was then laid out as if dead, and the bells tolled a funeral knell. The interesting personal appearance of the young lady, and the sinister aspect of those concerned in this singular scene, roused the blood of some of our romantic young English voyagers, who expressed in whispers their great desire to liberate this damsel, from what they considered a most wicked incarceration from the world by weak and cruel relatives.

After a turn through the wine establishments, we returned to the *Palermo*, and getting under weigh, arrived in two hours at Trapani, built at the foot of Mount Eryx, and still within view of Marsala. On landing we in vain searched for accommodation, the only apartments at a would-be hotel being already engaged by the Prince's suite, himself located at the English consul's; we however managed to strike a bargain with a vetturino for a calèche, to convey us to Palermo by Segesta.

May the 17th.—A mile from the town we came to a church containing a celebrated figure called the

Palermo
J.H. Allan

Madonna di Trapani, covered with trinkets, jewels, watches, &c., a rich booty in the eye of the sacrilegious.

TRAPANI

Passing through a fertile plain of wheat, with hedges of cactus and gigantic aloes, we overtook a party of our fellow-travellers: they were French, and we found them venting their indignation on the crazy old carriage, which had broken down with them. At noon we reached the village of Calatafimi, in a shower of rain. The civil proprietor of a rude little inn provided us with both dinner and horses, the latter conveying us to the temple of Segesta, over a wretched road, leading through a fine glen abounding with exotics, that powerfully perfumed the air. The rain luckily ceased as we rode round the ridge of rocks, on which are the ruins of a theatre, and in a gleam of sunshine the stately basilica broke upon our view. There are no remains of a cella within. The columns and pediments are quite entire, having been restored lately by the King of Naples, as recorded on the architrave in front. Our return from this delightful spot was by the same odoriferous way. Nine miles distant, and seen to the left in the drawing, is Alcamo, where we remained for the night at a wild and tumble-down inn. A pleasing drive the next day took us through a village called Sala di Partenico, from which place to Monreale the road is very interesting, passing through high mountains and deep glens, and occasionally commanding fine views of the sea. From Monreale is a beautiful view of Palermo, the road winding down the mountain side, past several villas, to the city. From the hospitality of the inhabitants, we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly during our short stay in this capital. The King of the two Sicilies being here on a visit, gave a grand ball, to which the *Palermo* passengers were all invited. From the shortness of the notice, many were the borrowings and lendings amongst the lady voyagers. From the beautiful Marina is a fine view of Palermo harbour and Monte Pellegrino, on the top of which is the grotto of Santa Rosalia.

We now determined on a visit to the Capuchin convent, to see the dried bodies preserved in the subterranean vaults. Luigi, our Sicilian cicerone, having hired a carriage and invited us to step in with an immense show of politeness, calling us 'Ecellenza,' drove us to the convent, about a mile outside the city. A venerable bearded brother did the honours. The bodies we found supported in long rows of niches, but not, as often described, quite fresh and as if alive; on the contrary, they are shrivelled up mouldering carcases, gradually dropping to pieces, yet bearing no appearance of putridity. They are deposited previously for half a-year in a chamber hewn in the rock possessing a certain drying property; they are then re-clothed in the dresses they wore when living, and placed with the rest of the grim assembly. Their offensive and disgusting appearance is further heightened by the tanned skin, in many instances, peeling from the protruding bones; and in several, from its contraction, the mouth had split the cheeks from ear to ear, showing the brown loose teeth dropping from the gaping jaw; in some the eyes were sunk deeply into the head, whilst in others they seemed bursting from their sockets. The monk who accompanied us round, pointed out some of these loathsome objects as being his particular friends; and he really seemed to look forward with pleasure to the time, when his mummied body should take a place in the ranks of his ghastly brethren. At the further end of these extensive

galleries we came to the part appropriated to the women; we saw many in glass cases, with all their earthly finery on them, the grisly skull adorned in a showy cap or bonnet, and the skeleton hand in a white kid glove. On a certain day in the year, the relatives come and visit the bodies of their departed friends, re-clothing them if they find the dresses decayed. Making our escape from this sickening and revolting spectacle, we drove to the beautiful garden of the Duca di Sera di Falco, and tried to forget the charnel-house we had left in the delicious perfume of flowers, and luxuriant shade of verdant embowering groves.

May 22nd.—Having yesterday taken our last look at the domes and cupolas of Palermo, we this morning steamed past the island of Capri and Mount Vesuvius, to Naples. The bay was beautifully calm, without a

MOUNT VESUVIUS

ripple. My companion and I here went manfully to work in visiting its numerous attractions. Excursions to the summit of Vesuvius, to the underground excavations of Herculaneum, to the now almost disinterred city of Pompeii, and to the beautiful temples of Pæstum, occupied much of our time. The amphitheatre of Pompeii, in which the inhabitants were sitting at the time of its destruction, is here represented. The temples of Pæstum I have also annexed: in the centre is that dedicated to Neptune, to the left that of Ceres, and to the right the basilica.

TEMPLES, PÆSTUM

AMPHITHEATRE, POMPEII.

Steam again conveyed us farther north: landing at Civitta Vecchia, we drove to Rome in a rascally tumble-down diligence. Our stay here afforded us but a brief examination of the objects of interest which this mighty city contains.

"O'er classic ground my humble feet did plod,
My bosom beating with the glow of song;
And high-born fancy walk'd with me along,
Treading the earth imperial Cæsar trod."

Leghorn, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa, were each visited on my way to Marseilles, where I joined the French steamer *Phocées*, running between the various ports on the southern coast of Spain. A stay of several days afforded me an opportunity of going to Toulon, to see the dock-yard and ships of war, Admiral Hugon's squadron having just put in from a cruise. During our visit the Prince de Joinville arrived, to join his frigate the *Belle Poule;* we had in consequence plenty of saluting from the fleet, dressed out with their colours. June 22.—Crossing the gulf of Lyons with a contrary wind, we rounded the low point of Cape Creux, and ran across the entrance of the Bay of Rosas: the beauty of this place I had always heard praised, and where, from the programme furnished us at the bureau, I had expected we were to touch. The steamer, however, having neither passengers nor merchandise, and thinking it unlikely to profit by the delay, passed on without going in. The coast of Catalonia is rugged, yet every four or five miles presented a little village to view. At one named Pelamos, in an exceedingly picturesque situation, salt is made, giving employment to the several small vessels we saw in its harbour. About three in the afternoon we made Monjuich, and in an hour were moored to the end of the pier of Barcelona. At the outside we passed a Spanish frigate of fifty guns, with a commodore's pendant flying at her main. The tardy and proud Spanish officers kept us another hour before they allowed us to land. A long walk round the harbour, crowded with Spanish merchant craft, gay with their colours of red and yellow stripes, brought us to the city. Passing through the fine square, named the Plá de Palacio,

occupied by the governor's palace, the custom-house, the lonja or exchange, and the Puerta de la Mar, we found accommodation at the Fonda de las Cuatro Naçiones, in a public promenade called La Rambla, which divides the town into two parts. A street occupied entirely by jewellers struck us, as exhibiting little else than ear-rings, three or four inches long, and ornamented with large coloured stones. The interior of the cathedral, a gothic building commenced in the thirteenth century but never finished, has a fine pictorial effect: the only

BARCELONA.

light from the few windows streaming through coloured glass, and striking in various hues the sharp lines of the elegant columns, leaves the rest of the arched aisles in sombre and undefined grandeur. Through the great heat and dust we were glad to leave Barcelona, having previously embarked nearly two hundred Spanish soldiers,—a poor dirty set, whose only employment seemed to be in puffing their cigarettes. We passed Tarragona about noon, and the low land at the mouth of the Ebro at sunset.

June 25th.—After twenty-two hours' steaming we landed at Grao of Valencia, about three miles from the city, which is that distance inland, in an open plain on the banks of the river Guadalaviar. Grao, the port, is scarcely more than a collection of fruit-stores, a custom-house, and a few bathing-houses, used by the Valencians at this season. The mole is very small, the water exceedingly shallow, and the roadstead uncommonly open and dangerous. We availed ourselves of the national conveyance called *tartarner*, a covered vehicle on two wheels, very much resembling our bakers' carts, but without springs; the road being of the worst description and full of ruts, not many inches—but even feet in depth, we were considerably shaken before we passed through the entrance-gate of the city of Valencia. Jogging along through the crooked and narrow streets, we put up at the Funda di Europa, from which place the diligence starts to Madrid, performing the journey in two and a-half days. Accustomed as we had been to hard travelling, the miseries to be encountered in a journey to the capital deterred us from a contemplated visit. Many and dreadful were the accounts of robberies told us by a party who had travelled this road, and now on his way to Gibraltar. The cathedral is a mixture of two styles of architecture, the Gothic and Corinthian; one of the entrances is shown

VALENCIA.

in the engraving. The little chapels in the interior were profusely ornamented with gilt and massive bronze work, presenting a very gorgeous appearance. The Glorietta, a pretty little public garden, containing a variety of flowers almost unknown in England, afforded us a delightful retreat from the noonday sun. After leaving Valencia in the evening, part of the vessel's machinery broke down, compelling us to bring up in a rolling uncomfortable sea, where we remained all night, surrounded by Spanish coast-guard boats, who thinking we had anchored to smuggle, for which the steamers are notorious, peremptorily ordered the captain to move off; the only answer, though a very pertinent one, they got with a shrug from our dapper little French skipper, as he contemplated the pitching boats calmly from his quarter-deck, was, "Messieurs, comment voulez vous que nous marchions sans jambes?" Twelve hours after our repairs were perfected, we anchored in the road of Alicante, amongst a number of English vessels waiting for cargoes of fruit. Just

ALICANTE.

before coming in sight of Alicante, with its flat-roofed houses, at the foot of a lofty and fortified sandstone rock, we saw a mountain, in the top of which is a curious notch, pointed out by the Spaniards as the spot where in a fit of passion the fabulous Roland cut two tremendous gashes; and then inserting his sword, lifted out the piece and threw it into the sea. It is still to be seen near the shore, forming a little island, and bearing the appearance of being sliced out of the mountain top. Through an error in our list of passengers, we were not allowed *pratique* for two hours after our arrival. It was afterwards proved that three of the soldiers had run away at Valencia, just as the vessel started.

We landed at the mole, with its neat little temporary light-house, and entered through the gate, guarded by a ragged and almost shoeless sentinel, to the principal street, the Calle Mayor, in which the sun's glare from the white houses and white pavement caused us to beat a hasty retreat. The only good building appeared to be the Hôtel de Ville, a stone edifice of a highly ornamented style of modern architecture. The country outside of the walls was perfectly burnt up, the sun shining with intense fierceness on the barren white sand and dust. We were told there were no less than fifty British subjects resident here; but party feeling keeps them much apart, and in disunion. Many English workmen are employed in smelting silver and lead ore, brought from mines recently discovered near Carthagena, and said to exist all along the coast between that place and Malaga. Large smelting works have lately been established here, a short distance outside the town.

June 27th.—We came to anchor in the spacious natural harbour of Carthagena, the entrance being between lofty rocky hills, protected by several batteries. The town, exactly facing the sea, is built at the

foot of a sandstone eminence, on which stands an old castle. The town-hall and hospital are conspicuous objects, and built on a fortified quay commanding the port. The arsenal is to the left of the town, the decaying shears forming quite a mark from their size and colour. The houses have an air of by-gone mag-

CARTHAGENA.

nificence and solidity, but are falling rapidly to ruins, as is likewise the arsenal and dock-yard, in which not a soul was to be seen. All the stores, even to the leaden pipes, have been carried away by successive governors to contribute to their income, but a few rusty anchors and guns were to be seen half buried in the rank grass.

June 29th.—Here, at Malaga, we intended fully to have gone to the Alhambra at Granada, but again Spanish robbers prevented us; in fact, we found all the Spanish gentry with their families coming in from the country for protection. Many people had lately been carried up into the mountains, and kept there for ransom. Salvador Ladanza, the worthy proprietor of an inn in the Plazuela de los Moros, furnished us with comfortable apartments, and set before us a smoking dinner of their national dish, olla podrida. In the Plaza della

CATHEDRAL, MALAGA.

Constituçion, we saw numbers of countrymen dressed in full Andalusian costume; their jackets richly embroidered, a black velvet pointed hat with tufts of silk, tight breeches fastened up the side with silver buttons, a gay crimson silk sash round the waist, and a pair of ornamented leather gaiters, with long laces hanging loose, the sides being left open to show the clean white stocking. The cathedral, a magnificent pile, is in a mixed style of Grecian and Moorish: from the top of the only completed tower is a fine view of the position of Malaga, and the country behind.

"Sterile mountains, rough and steep,
That bound abrupt the valley deep,
Heaving to the clear blue sky
Their ribs of granite, bare and dry."

The interior of the building far surpasses the exterior in beauty. We were there during morning service, and were forced down on our knees by the beadle, when the Host passed round.

July 1st.—On rounding Europa Point, our captain forgetting to hoist his colours, we had the pleasure of hearing a shot whiz over our vessel, and for which he had to pay ten dollars. We enjoyed our short stay at Gibraltar exceedingly. A pleasant excursion through the Alameda, the public gardens to the south of the town, led us by good bridle-roads through hedges of the stately aloe, gigantic cactus, and fine geraniums to the southern point of the rock, on which stands the light-house. Here, at what is called the back of the

GIBRALTAR.

rock, the governor has a pretty little country-seat, with a fine view of the straits and the rugged coast of Africa beyond. The wind being westerly, and the sun not too hot, our ride was, although the last, the pleasantest we had in the Mediterranean. I am sure neither my companion nor myself will ever forget the rapture with which the beauty of the scene inspired us. We felt we breathed the air and trod the land of the free: no fear of scowling Spanish robbers, nor the stiletto of the lurking Italian, threw for a moment a cloud of anxiety over the horizon of our enthusiastic delight.

At Cadiz the Alameda afforded us the greatest entertainment; there the bright-eyed Señoras, in their black mantillas, handling their fans in the most dexterous manner, enjoyed the cool air of sunset. At Seville the extreme heat prevented much enjoyment, the hot pavement actually searing the feet. The Moorish palace, called the Alcasa, in some measure repaid me for the great disappointment I had felt in missing the Alhambra. The Murillos remaining here, the native city of that great master, are worth any pilgrimage: they are a perfect feast to the admirer of the natural style of painting.

Lisbon presented us with a bull-fight, after the new Portuguese fashion, where the picadores and horses always escape unhurt, and the bull himself is restored to his stall with only a few pungent pricks in his neck. The most amusing part was, the introduction of a number of blacks on hobby-horses, who, notwithstanding the bull's horns were padded, got dreadfully tossed and bruised when attempting, in a ludicrous manner, to withstand a charge from the infuriated animal. A visit to Vigo finished my wanderings, and, like many a previous traveller, I felt my heart swell with joy when we caught sight of Old England, shrouded as she was in mist and vapour, as we entered Falmouth harbour in a regular gale of wind.

"'Twas morning: at the misty break of day
I saw the regal rocks of Albion rise
In the dim distance; and I felt as one
Who, sailing on a dark and dreary waste,
Bursts on a world of music unawares."

SHEPHERD'S WELL.

VIGO.

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